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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
Miss BEVERLY.
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Intersperfed with
GENUINE MEMOIRS
OF A
Northern LADY of Quality.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:
Printed for S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

M.DCC.LXVIII.

THE
ADVENTURES

OF
THE
DISCOVERY

OF
THE
REMAINS



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

BY
J. O. H. D. O. S.

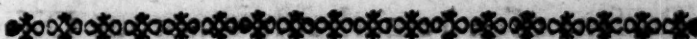
Printed by S. Bland, 10, Strand, London.

1841



THE
HISTORY

OF
Miss BEVERLY.



CHAP. I.

AS a Book written by a Woman will, in all likelihood, be thought unworthy of Attention by Readers of a grave and serious Turn of Mind; so it may, very probably, be thrown aside by the Gay and Lively, when they find the Author has treated Love, their favourite Subject, not in the light and trifling Manner so

Vol. I. B well

HISTORY of
well adapted to the Taste of the Age,
but with profound Reflection, as the
Source of all the Joys which brighten,
and all the Woes that embitter Life.

I was born with an innate Propensity to Love and Tendernefs. A Seriousness bordering upon Melancholy is my natural Temper, as it generally is that of Persons of a remarkably amorous Disposition, which I acknowledge mine to be; for I shall conceal none of my Faults or Foibles, but make it an invariable Rule, to adhere strictly to Truth through the whole Course of this History.

My Infancy, like that of most others, was distinguished by nothing very remarkable, one Circumstance only excepted, which I shall introduce here, though it may perhaps draw upon me the Imputation of Superstition.

At

At the Time of my Birth there happened to be in the House of my Father, who was a rich Merchant, and lived at that Time in *Great-Broad-Street*, a Gentleman who was a distant Relation of the Family. He was a Person of great Learning, and strongly addicted to the Study of Astrology; a Science which he had cultivated with peculiar Attention, and in which he placed an implicit Confidence, though it is at present looked upon by the Learned as purely chimerical. This Gentleman, I say, happening to be in the House at the Time of my Birth, a sudden Thought came into his Head, whilst in Company with my Father and my Aunt, to calculate my Nativity. The latter, who had no small Share of timid Superstition in her Character, warmly opposed this Motion,

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which she considered as sinful, and a sort of tempting of God. This Conceit my Father endeavoured to laugh her out of. His Curiosity being greatly excited to know what would be my future Fate in the World, he pressed Mr. *Blackwood* to proceed in his Calculation, whilst my Aunt, whose Uneasiness increased with my Father's impatient Curiosity, left the Room.

Mr. *Blackwood* having calculated my Nativity with the utmost Exactness, told my Father, that he found, by the Position of the celestial Bodies at my Birth, that my Life would be a Tissue of Adventures, all springing from one common Source, namely, Love, as *Venus* had the Ascendant at my Nativity; that I should experience various Turns of Fortune; live sometimes in the Height of Affluence and Prosperity;

rity ; and struggle with all the Storms of Indigence and Misery. He added in particular, that there would be three critical Periods in my Life ; that in my twenty-third Year I should be innocently the Cause of the Death of a Lover ; that in my twenty-seventh, I should narrowly escape falling a Victim to the Jealousy of a Rival ; and that in my thirty-fourth, I should be made happy by the Possession of a Man every way worthy of my Love, though not till after a long Separation, and after having undergone various Reverses of Fortune.

I have often reflected with Astonishment upon this Prediction, because it was afterwards literally fulfilled. This and another Event of a similar Nature, which befel me in the Course of my Adventures, have induced me to think

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that there is something real in the Science of Astrology, though many Philosophers have treated it as altogether vain and chimerical. Facts, however, cannot be denied; and both by these, and what I have often observed to pass within my own Mind, I am convinced that the human Soul is possessed of a Faculty of penetrating into Futurity. This has been taken notice of by other Authors, who consider it as a Proof of the Soul's divine Origin and its Immortality. But as these serious Reflections may probably disgust my gay Readers, I shall conclude this Chapter with an Assurance, that the next shall contain Matters better suited to their Taste.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

THE Marvellous strikes the Imagination in such a Manner, that those who are once prepossessed by it, no longer make any use of their Judgment. I would therefore recommend it to such of my Readers as may be strongly affected by the surprising Circumstances related in my first Chapter, to call cool Reflection to their Aid, and not suffer themselves to be hurried away, or intoxicated by a Desire of finding the Wonderful every where. To lay too much Stress upon a Course of Nature, or Series of natural Causes dependant upon each other, borders upon Atheism: To look for Miracles and immediate Interpositions of Providence at every Turn, indicates a Superstition which approaches to Insanity.

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Nothing, however, can be more certain, than that human Affairs do not happen according to human Probability; but that all Things are conducted by a Fatality, or rather Providence, whose Ways are past finding out. But whilst I indulge my Reflections, I lose Sight of my Narrative; I shall therefore resume my History where I left it off.

The Period of Nonage in a Life is like a Calm in a Voyage, a Sort of a Void, unruffled by Pain and unseasoned by Enjoyment; and the Traveller through Life, as well as the Passenger at Sea, can say little more concerning this Interval of Time, but that he existed whilst it lasted. All I have to relate, with regard to this Stage of my Life, is, that I was highly careffed by my Parents, whose Partiality for their Daughter,

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Daughter, made them think they every Day discovered in me Charms which Time could not fail to mature into perfect Beauty. Their Fondness was not in the least abated by the Birth of another Daughter about a Year afterwards: Their Affection, however, was so equally divided between us, that we never entertained the least Jealousy of each other, but even in our tender Age conceived a mutual Friendship, which has continued during the whole Course of our Lives.

Nothing worth relating happened till I had nearly attained my thirteenth, and my Sister her twelfth Year: At this Period my Father had us both taught, under his own Eye, every Thing necessary to be learned by young Ladies of Quality and Condition. Mademoiselle *Toinon*, a Native of *Paris*, who

spoke her Mother-tongue in great Perfection, was taken into the House to teach us the *French* Language. This Woman, as it is customary with those of her Country, when they are received into a Family, to make themselves very busy in it, afterwards discovered, that she possessed other Talents, and those of far greater Importance to young Ladies, than that of teaching them a foreign Language.

My Sister and I were likewise instructed in Drawing and Musick, in both which Arts I made a considerable Progress, and took a particular Delight; especially in the last, and that for a Reason entirely independent on the Art itself; so that I do not take upon me to determine which of these admirable Talents the Preference is due to.

Of

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Of all my Teachers there was but one, and that was the Musick-Master, for whom I felt any great Degree of liking. The *French* Mademoiselle I at first partly disliked, on account of her Forwardness, and a sort of Mixture of Pride and Meanness, which is common amongst the lower Rank of People of her Country. My Drawing-Master, an elderly Man, made me laugh by his formal Pedantry and Affectation; for he pretended to a Taste for Poetry as well as Painting, and was as vain of his Compositions as Poet *Bays* himself. My Dancing-Master, who was a Compound of the Mechanick and the affected fine Gentleman, I could not help regarding with Contempt, though he was at the Top of his Profession, and dressed like a Nobleman. But my Musick-Master, whose

Address was as polite as his Person was genteel, engaged all my Attention; and as Love is the best Master, all his Lessons produced their Effect; so that in the short Time he was with me, for I did not learn above a Twelvemonth, I made a most rapid Progress in Musick, and became a complete Mistress of the Harpsichord.

My Sister, whose Disposition was naturally as cold as mine was amorous, received no such Impressions from an Object which I could never behold without an Admiration mixed with Tenderness. He came to teach us only twice a Week, and the Days on which he came were uncertain; but from my internal Feelings, from a certain serene Tranquillity, from the tender Palpitations of Joy with which my Bosom heaved, I always could guess the Day on which he came, and constantly told my Sister in the Morn-

Morning when Mr. *Smart* would attend us. This in her unexperienced Heart raised no Suspicion; and I must have been equally artless and unexperienced, or I should not thus have discovered what was uppermost in my Thoughts to a Sister. But such a Novice was I then in Love-Affairs, that I was in Love without knowing it, or, to speak more properly, the Passion with which I was inspired, was very different from Love in the Breast of grown Persons, where it is always blended with Desire, and never free from a Mixture of Uneasiness. My Passion, on the contrary, if that can be called a Passion which was all Gentleness and Joy, all Tranquillity and serene Satisfaction, may be properly compared to the Flame which glows in the Breasts of Seraphs and pure immortal Spirits made happy in the Bowers of eternal Bliss. My Fancy
formed

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formed him of angelic Kind; all his Looks and Gestures raised in me a strange Delight; and when he spoke in a chiding Tone, which sometimes happened when I neglected my Notes to contemplate his graceful Mien, the Elegance of his Person, or his Features, which had something manly and commanding in them, softened with more than female Sweetness, I felt a Pleasure which I then did not know how to account for. That the Reader may not be surprized at the Sentiments Mr. *Smart* raised in my youthful Breast, I shall here give a particular Description of his Person; a Practice which I shall always observe with regard to all those Personages introduced in this History, who have any thing so remarkably amiable, or the contrary in them, which may entitle them to that Distinction.

Mr;

Mr. *Smart* then was in Stature the lowest of the middle Size; he was of such a Height that he would have been tall for a Woman, tho' not for a Man; but so elegantly and exactly was he shaped, such Symmetry and Proportion was there in his Limbs, that he appeared rather taller than he was; and though his Person had more in it of the Graceful than the Majestic, yet still there was in it something noble and commanding. His Eyes were black and sprightly, his Complexion of a rosy Hue, and in his Face there was an equal Mixture of Tenderness and Sensibility, with a something *picquant*, as the *French* term it, which could not fail to please. His black Hair, which he wore negligently tied behind, became him with a Grace inexpressible. In a Word, so amiable was his Figure, that he might have sat for the Picture of an *Adonis*.

Our

Our Affection, which was mutual, never went farther than the Interchange of Looks; but this amorous Commerce is of much more Consequence than is generally thought by any but those who are deeply initiated in the Mysteries of Love. *Cupid* is, however, ingenious in finding Means to explain himself; for Mr. *Smart*, though his Discourse always turned upon the Business which brought him, found Means to address it to me in such a manner, and it was accompanied with such an Expression in his Face, that it seemed to contain a thousand Declarations of Love. In playing a Piece of Musick; he often fixed his Eyes upon me, and accompanied every Cadence in a tender Air with a Glance that made it thrill through the Nerve of Pleasure, and penetrate to the inmost Recesses of my Soul.

Soul. What often passed between us
seems to be admirably expressed in the
following Lines of that charming Poet,
Prior.

The Merchant, to conceal his Treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd Name;
Euphelia serves to give me Measure,
But *Chloe* is my real Flame.

My favourite Verse, my darling Lyre,
Upon *Euphelia*'s Toilet lay,
When *Chloe* noted her Desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My Lyre I tune, my Voice I raise,
And with my Numbers mix my Sighs,
But whilst I sing *Euphelia*'s Praise,
I fix my Soul on *Chloe*'s Eyes.

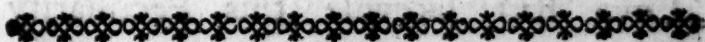
Fair *Chloe* blush'd---*Euphelia* frown'd,
I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembl'd,
And *Venus* to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembl'd.

All this was verified in Mr. *Smart's* Visits to my Sister and me; for though he often addressed his Conversation to her, and might appear to an unobserving Stander-by to take equal Pains in teaching us both, yet I was in Fact so much the sole Object of his Attention, that my Sister never learned any thing from him; and his Coming seemed to be solely on my Account. But so far was this from exciting any Jealousy in my Sister, that it was never perceived by her. She had, indeed, a great Friendship and Affection for me, but never appeared susceptible of the Passion of Love. This I was convinced of afterwards by her marrying without Reluctance a plain ordinary Man; for I think it may be laid down as a Maxim, That that Woman can have no Eyes to discern the Beauty of an amiable Object,

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ject, who is so void of Feeling as to receive a disagreeable one into her Arms, except some Constraint or resistless Necessity obliges her to it.

It is now time to put an End to this Chapter, which has already extended to an extravagant Length ; but it turned upon a Subject which I could not easily quit.



C H A P. III.

I Take such Pleasure in dwelling upon the Ideas which the Subject of my last Chapter never fails to excite in me, that if I quitted it, it was only to resume it again.

The Impression which Mr. *Smart* made upon my youthful Heart has never since been effaced by any other

Object; yet, as I observed before, it was in many Respects different from the Passion of Love, as I have since experienced it, and as it is generally apprehended to be. Notwithstanding the Affection I felt for this amiable young Man, I never, in any Sense, aspired to the Possession of him, or aimed at any closer Connexion with him than that which I enjoyed. My Love had likewise this Peculiarity in it, it was not susceptible of any Degree of Jealousy; for when I was informed that my admired *Celadon*, though only in the twenty-third Year of his Age, was married to a fine Woman, with whom he had received a large Fortune, nay, was generally thought to have several Intrigues with Ladies of the first Quality, this Intelligence raised no jealous Emotions in me. Having afterwards accidentally seen his
Wife,

Wife, I was so far from beholding her with the Eyes of a Rival, that I was struck with Admiration of her Beauty, though the Partiality of Love made me think it inferior to his.

One Incident, though it may appear trivial to my Readers, I cannot possibly omit; for Lovers take notice of a thousand little Circumstances which are overlooked by the Eyes of the indifferent; and their Memory retains what would be quickly forgotten, did not that Passion render seeming Trifles interesting and important. The Circumstance I mean is this: Mr. *Smart* dressed extremely genteel, and varied his Dresses, his Waistcoat, if not his Coat, almost every Day. At one Time, for Example, he came in a Brown Coat and a Red Waistcoat laced with Gold; at another, in the same Brown Coat, with a Red
Waist-

Waistcoat of Cut Velvet. One Day he was dressed in Blue trimmed with Gold, the next in Green, the third in Red, and the fourth in Brown, with a Green Sattin Waistcoat. I could not forbear taking notice, that as he varied his Dresses, the Impression he made upon my Heart varied likewise; and thus I seemed to myself to be captivated with a Variety of different Objects, and not confined to one alone; so that I verified the Observation of that refined Observer of the Passions, *Rochefoucault*,
 “ That there may be a sort of Incon-
 “ stancy in a Passion concentered upon
 “ one Object, as when the Imagination
 “ roves from Charm to Charm, and at
 “ different Times is captivated by dif-
 “ ferent Attractions.”

During the Time of Mr. *Smart's* Attendance on me, there happened a
 general

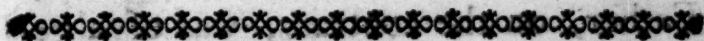
general Mourning; and both Court and City being obliged to wear Black, my Admirer could not dispense with conforming to the Mode, but was, like others, forced to change the Gaiety of Colours for the Solemnity of Black. Though in this Change of Dress he still appeared very lovely, I thought the Lustre of his Beauty appeared somewhat eclipsed; and I was glad, when, upon the ceasing of the Mourning, he had an Opportunity of shining forth in the variegated Gaiety of Dress. These Circumstances may to some seem trivial and puerile, but I doubt not they will to many of my own Sex appear natural and interesting. This Dream of Pleasure, however, at last had an End; it expired with the Twelvemonth, for in that Time I became complete Mistress of the Harpsichord.

Here

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Here I cannot omit mentioning another Circumstance, in which this Amour, if it may properly be called by that Name, differed exceedingly from that of a grown Person. Though it gave me high Delight whilst it lasted, it caused me no Regret when it expired. This I find it difficult to account for, and do not know whether I should ascribe it to the Thoughtlessness of my tender Age, or suppose that there is a Time of Life when we are incapable of feeling the Passion of Love, and when it acts upon our Souls merely through the Medium of the Imagination. As I cannot frame a satisfactory Hypothesis for the Solution of this seeming Paradox, I shall conclude this Chapter with observing, that Love is so complicated, that there are a Variety of Passions which may be properly called by its Name,

Name, though different from each other in many Circumstances, and that there are Distinctions to be made upon this Subject, which have escaped the most refined Observers, and those who have written with the greatest Precision upon what the French call *la Metaphysique du Cœur*, “the Metaphysics of the “Heart.”



C H A P. IV.

BEING arrived at my seventeenth Year, I was introduced into the World by my Aunt *Betty*, my Mother's Sister, married to Colonel *Clayton*, a Man of Fortune and Fashion, who lived in great Splendor near *St. James's*, and with him led a Life of Gaiety and Dissipation. This Lady was in Temper the reverse of my Mother, as well

as my other Aunt *Barbara*, my Father's Sister. The former was as fond of Gaiety and expensive Pleasure, as the latter were averse to them; for my Mother, who had been educated in the City, had imbibed all the œconomical Maxims of a prudent Citizen. She was one of those strict Œconomists who might, perhaps without much Injustice, be taxed with Avarice. My Father, on the contrary, was of a generous, hospitable Disposition, though at the same Time moderate and discreet. Being thoroughly convinced that Riches owe all their Worth to the Use which is made of them, his Temper led him to enjoy freely what my Mother's inclined her to hoard up; and though she was constantly opposing him in his Expences, and endeavouring to establish an Œconomy in his House bordering rather upon Meanness than Parsimony, she

she could not prevent his keeping a very good House, and often generously entertaining his Friends. This Defect of Avarice, which I can by no means think such a great Reproach as it is represented by the Spendthrift and the Prodigal, was my Mother's only Fault; for in all other Respects her Character was excellent; she was possessed of many good Qualities, and, notwithstanding this little Opposition of Character, lived in constant Amity with my Father.

My Aunt *Barbara* somewhat resembled my Mother in a Disposition to Frugality; but the most striking Singularity in her Character, was a strong Tincture of Superstition. Having in the early Part of her Life married an English Merchant of *Bourdeaux*, of the Roman Catholick Persuasion, she retired

with him to *France*, where she soon embraced the Religion of the Country, and became much more bigotted to it than any of the Natives. Upon the Death of her Husband she returned to *England*, possessed of a large Fortune, which he had acquired by Trade; and as she had no Children, she chose to reside with my Father and Mother, who had great Hopes of one Day seeing her Wealth, which was very considerable, added to their own. From a Mother and Aunt of this Turn, I received constant Lessons and Remonstrances that ill suited with my Disposition, which, though naturally serious, was prone to expensive Pleasures, and delighted in Magnificence.

The Temper of my Aunt *Betty* was much more agreeable to my Humour. She introduced me into the *Beau Monde*; with her I frequented Drums, Routs, Rackets,

Rackets, Balls, and Plays; and at the Age of nineteen was become perfectly acquainted with the *World*.

Both my Mother and Aunt *Barbara* frequently lectured me upon my Extravagancies. The former constantly expatiated upon the Expences unavoidably incurred by such an immoderate Pursuit of Pleasure; declared I would ruin the Man whose Lot it should be to marry me; and recommended her own Example and that of my Aunt *Barbara* for my Imitation. My Father, on the contrary, approved of my seeing Company, and frequenting public Places. This he thought necessary to qualify me for the Conversation of People of Quality and Fashion; and as he often expressed his Hopes of one Day seeing me married to a Title, he thought no Expence to be regretted

which contributed to form my Education, and make me acquainted with the Manners of high Life.

Lady *Clayton* was perpetually exhorting me to have a Spirit equal to the Fortune I was born to ; and expressing, in secret, a profound Contempt for the *low Creatures of the City*, as she called them, advised me in every thing to follow the Example, and copy the Manners of Persons of Condition.

This Advice I was too well inclined to follow ; for I soon contracted an extravagant Turn to expensive Pleasures, as well as a secret Contempt for all who were not distinguished by Birth, Rank, or Fortune. The ill Consequences both of this haughty Disposition and Turn to Profuseness, I have since sensibly experienced in the Course of a
Life

Life checquered with Vicissitudes; and from an accurate Observation of what passes amongst Mankind, I am thoroughly persuaded that no Lesson will be more useful to Persons of all Conditions than that of the Apostle, *Be ye clothed with Humility, for God resisteth the Proud.* Indeed, some of the greatest Misfortunes of my Life have been owing to that Pride which the Lady above-mentioned, under whose Care I was educated, used to term *having a becoming Spirit, and knowing one's self.* But it happened with her as with many others: Though not originally of Condition, she valued herself more upon her Quality than those who are born to Titles; and though bred and born in the City, looked down upon Citizens with a Contempt which few of the Nobility discover for them. This Pride has generally some Con-

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nexion with Meanness, whilst those of
a truly great Spirit despise nobody.

Having thus laid before the Reader
the Characters of several Personages
concerned in this Drama of my Life,
I shall resume my Narrative.

There was a kind of perpetual Con-
tention between my Father and Mother
and my two Aunts concerning my Edu-
cation. I was the particular Favourite
of them all, and each was desirous of
enjoying the chief Influence over me. I
have often observed, that a Favourite in
private Families, as well as in Kingdoms,
gives Rise to Faction and Contention,
Feuds and Animosities. Thus it hap-
pened in the present Instance. A Faction
was immediately formed in the Family,
as in a State. My Father sided with my
Aunt *Betty*, in Opposition to my Mo-
ther

ther and Aunt *Barbara*, whose Sentiments my Sister, though she secretly favoured my Inclinations, as a mutual Friendship subsisted between us, was obliged outwardly to adopt. Her Temper, indeed, greatly resembled theirs; for Passion had no Influence over her Conduct, and all her Actions were regulated by Prudence; yet she had a Sweetness of Disposition, and a Good-nature, which are seldom to be found in the rigidly Careful; and contrary to a Maxim which commonly prevails, That Avarice and Austerity of Manners are generally united.

I must not omit another Personage, I mean the *French* Mademoiselle, who had acquired great Importance in the Family; and by a sort of *French* Policy adopting *Dutch* Prudence, found means to please all Parties, by preserv-

ing an Appearance of Neutrality. Mademoiselle *Toinon* was indeed a Woman of great Sprightliness, as well as agreeable Conversation, though she had some Faults, of which I have already taken notice; and notwithstanding she made herself rather too busy in the Family, yet as she had acquired, so she in a great measure deserved, the Favour of every person. She had one Quality, which could not fail of rendering her Company desirable, *viz.* that of enlivening Conversation, and inspiring any Society with Chearfulness and Good-humour. She had often, by some sudden sprightly Sally, put an End to the long and frequent Altercations between my Father, Mother, and two Aunts, concerning my Settlement in the World. My Mother and my Aunt *Barbara* were always wishing to see me married to some substantial Citizen, whose Sobriety
and

and Frugality might correct the Extravagance of my Disposition; whilst my Aunt *Betty* affirmed, that with such a Fortune as I was to inherit, I should entertain more aspiring Thoughts; that none but grovelling Souls contented themselves with their primeval Meanness, when there was a Possibility of emerging out of it; and that it was her Opinion, that I should never consent to marry any Man below the Degree of a Baron or a Viscount. In these Sentiments my Father used to join her, by declaring, that he hoped one Day to see me married to a Duke. This Contrariety of Opinions begot lasting Debates, which Mademoiselle *Toinon* frequently appeased by her Sprightliness and Good-humour.

CHAP. V.

AS it was universally known that I was Heiress to a very considerable Fortune, it is not to be wondered at that I received the Addresses of a great Number of Suitors, most of whom paid their Court to my Money rather than my Person. My Father told me that he would lay no Constraint upon my Inclinations, but would allow me to please myself in the Choice of a Husband; at the same Time he insinuated, that it would give him the highest Satisfaction to see me advantageously settled in the World as soon as possible. My two Aunts and my Mother espoused the Cause of one or other of my professed Admirers, according as the Caprice of their Tempers directed them. For my own part, I disliked

disliked them all, though I was obliged to receive them, in order to please my Parents. My Readers, I believe, will not be surprized at this Disgust, when I have drawn the Characters of the Gentlemen who laid so close a Siege to my Fortune, whilst they affected to take Aim at my Person.

The first was Sir *John Digby*, a Colonel of Horse, who possessed an Estate in *Berkshire*, the greatest Part of which he had run out by his Extravagance. He was one of those Characters which no one can approve, though they meet with too much Indulgence in the World. He was extremely lavish of his Money, which he squandered away in every kind of vicious Pleasure; and as he took no Care of his own Affairs, he injured all who had any Connections with him. His Doors
were

were every Morning besieged by Tradesmen, who in vain made Application for their Money, and were constantly desired to call again, though they had, perhaps, received the same Answer twenty Times before. The Colonel, to palliate his Excesses, affected an outward Appearance of Generosity; though, upon a careful Enquiry, I discovered that he never performed a generous Action in his Life: For whilst he conferred his Liberality upon Prostitutes and Parasites, he defrauded honest Tradesmen, and reduced their Families to Beggary. There is not a more erroneous Opinion than that generally received Maxim, That Spendthrifts and Prodigals are generous. For my Part, I have known more truly generous and charitable Actions performed by reputed Misers, than by Persons of this Stamp. To return to
the

the Colonel: As he was prodigal and extravagant in his Conduct, he was haughty and overbearing in his Behaviour, and indulged himself in Raillery to such a licentious Degree, that he was perpetually making himself Enemies; yet, strange to tell! this very Quality procured him Importance, and made him a kind of Oracle in all the Companies he frequented.

I have often been surprized at the Complaisance with which Men of this Character are received in all Societies, at the same Time that they are secretly dreaded by every body; for even those who laugh with them, hate them in their Hearts, not knowing how soon they may feel the Edge of that sarcastical Talent which they have before seen exerted against others. This seeming Inconsistency may, I apprehend,
be

be easily accounted for by the powerful Influence of Vanity. People think, by countenancing these Ralliers, whom they ought to shun as the Pests of Society, that they prove themselves invulnerable to Raillery, and, of consequence, free from every Defect and Imperfection. This Notion has something in it so mean and vicious, that I never pity such Persons when *roasted*, as the Phrase is, by those they before encouraged unmercifully to expose the Foibles of others.

The Colonel possessed another Quality, which I could not but disapprove of very much, *viz.* a violent Affection for his Bottle, over which he often sat up whole Nights, and renewed the same riotous Scenes with the Companions of his Debaucheries the Morning after. The Vice of Ebriety must
always

always be odious to the Fair-Sex for this obvious Reason, the Man who loves is always sober and abstemious. However his Passion may affect his Reason, his Head is never disordered by Liquor; for it is an essential Property of Love to diminish, and, as it were, swallow up all subordinate Appetites and inferior Passions, such as the Desire of Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, &c.

Notwithstanding all these bad Qualities, the Colonel possessed a great Share of Gaiety and Assurance, moved in the Sphere of High Life, made Betts at *Arthur's*, and lost his Money with the Spirit of a Nobleman; distinguished himself at *Newmarket*, and dressed richly. Lady *Clayton* declared in his Favour, and thought him a very pretty Fellow. He little merited, however,
this

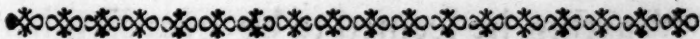
this Appellation. For though his Face was not by Nature absolutely disagreeable, there was an Expression of rakish Brutality in it, which rendered it extremely disgusting; and though his Person discovered Symptoms of Strength, it was totally destitute of Elegance. Add to all this, that the Colonel, from the fierce Cock of his Hat, his blustering Manner and whole Deportment, might be justly compared to Captain *Flash*; a Character which I have always held in the highest Abhorrence, though I am inclined to think, that those very Qualities acquired him the Favour of my Aunt; for she was one of those Women who verify *Waller's* Observation, that

Women, born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the Forward and the Bold,
Affect the Haughty and the Proud,
The Gay, the Frolick, and the Loud.

It

Miss B E V E R L Y. 43

It is now Time to proceed to the Characters of my other Suitors, whose Portraits may be found in the next Chapter.



C H A P. VI.

AS my Lover from the Court-end of the Town, and who, I could easily perceive, paid his Addresses to me merely with a View of repairing his shattered Fortune, reflected little Honour on the Nobility ; my City Lover, whose Character I shall next lay before the Reader, gave me as unfavourable an Opinion of that Quarter of the Metropolis. He seemed to think all Worth concentered in Money, and that every Man's Reputation was to be estimated by his Wealth. His Dress was so very plain,
that

that if he had not worn Buttons to his Coat, any Person would have been tempted to think him one of the People called Quakers. His Deportment and Behaviour were truly ridiculous; for in Walking he seemed to be guarding his Pockets from Thieves; and in speaking, he measured his Syllables in such a deliberate Manner, as if he was fearful of being extravagant in the Use of Words. He was about seven-and-forty Years of Age, a Disparity sufficient to make me absolutely refuse even to listen to his Addresses; but he was possessed of an hundred thousand Pounds; a Merit which totally obliterated all his Defects in the Eyes of my Mother and my Aunt *Barbara*, who were continually representing to me how happy such an Accession of Wealth would render me. However warmly they pleaded in his Favour, they could obtain nothing

thing farther from me, except the Admission of his Visits; a Constraint for which I afterwards made myself ample Amends, by laughing at him in my private Conversations with Mademoiselle *Toinon*.

My third Lover was a Kind of Medium between the two former; one that might pass for a Courtier at *St. James's*, and for a Citizen on the other Side of *Temple-Bar*. He was originally a Captain in the Army; but a considerable Sum of Money having been left him by a distant Relation, he sold his Commission to encrease it; and having a strong natural Inclination to amassing Riches, chose the City for his Place of Residence, where, by a constant Attention to his Interest, he, in a few Years, accumulated upwards of 60000*l*. As soon as he found himself possessed

possessed of so much ready Cash, he thought it most prudent to begin to realise; and accordingly purchased an Estate of five Hundred Pounds *per Ann.* in *Yorkshire*. This Gentleman, who had the Address and Politeness of the Gentlemen of the Army, joined to that Prudence of Conduct and Attention to Self-interest which distinguish the Citizen, soon became the Favourite of my Father, who warmly supported his Addresses, and often pressed me to favour his Passion, though without Success.

I indeed admitted the Visits of Mr. *Hollis*, which was this Gentleman's Name, through Complaisance to my Father; but I could never be brought, for many Reasons, to have any Degree of Liking to him; for, in the first Place, his Person was ordinary; and I consider external Beauty as so essentially

ally necessary to excite Love, that it is my firm Opinion, this Passion owes its Existence solely to Beauty, and never was produced without the Charm of this attractive Quality in its Object. There are indeed Examples of Men who have been said to marry homely Women for Love; there have been likewise Instances of Women, said to have been inspired with the amorous Passion by Men destitute of any Accomplishments, and totally void of every Quality engaging and attractive. But surely they must be very ignorant of the Nature of such refined and elegant Feelings, who think these Examples of the Extravagance of Caprice could take their Rise from so pure a Source. They should rather be imputed to the Effects of Fascination, the Fruits of a distempered and crazed Imagination. I am surprized to find a
Writer

Writer who has discovered such a profound Knowledge of human Nature as Monsieur *De la Bruyere*, and who has made the most refined and just Observations upon Love, in some Measure countenance this vulgar Error. It is the Remark of this ingenious Author, that when a Man entertains a Passion for an ugly Woman, it must be very strong; for the Power of Caprice, says he, must have a very extraordinary Influence, in order to produce so extraordinary an Effect; the Passion produced by it must therefore be very lasting, as well as violent. Some People are naturally led, by their low, groveling, depraved Appetites, to join themselves with Objects which seem by Nature calculated to excite only Sentiments of Contempt and Disgust. To such as these we may apply the Observation of *Shakespear*:

—Virtue, as it never will be woo'd,
 Though Lewdness tempt it in the Shape of
 Heaven,
 So Vice, though to a radiant Angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial Bed,
 And prey on Garbage—

To pursue the Argument still farther: I must be of Opinion, that a preposterous Passion for Deformity supposes some Vice in the Person who indulges it: At the same Time I look upon the Admiration of Beauty as the Effect of Virtue, as well as a Virtue in itself. Virtue has been termed Beauty by many Philosophers; those therefore who have no Eyes to discern, nor Souls to admire the latter, must of consequence be destitute of the former. If *Shakespear's* Observation be just, that

The Man that has not Musick in his Soul,
And is not mov'd with Concord of sweet
Sounds,

Is fit for Treason, Stratagems, and Spoil;
The Motions of his Spirit are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as *Erebus*:
Let no such Man be trusted. —

Surely that Mind must be more rude,
dark, void of Virtue, and all internal
Symmetry and Proportion of Soul, if
I may be allowed to use so bold a Me-
taphor, which cannot discern that *je ne
sçai quoy* in which Beauty consists;
Beauty which delights us by a Kind of
Enchantment, and pleases us we know
not why. But whilst I pursue my Re-
flections, I lose Sight of my Narrative;
indeed this Subject never fails to interest
me above all others, and it is no won-
der I should continue it, as it kept my
thoughts from a disagreeable one; I
mean

mean the Person of Mr. *Hollis*, to whom I now return.

Mr. *Hollis* was rather short, and inclined to be corpulent; he was of consequence inelegantly shaped. Tho' his Person was lusty, his Legs were much too thick for his Body; so that, upon the whole, he could not be a very agreeable Figure. His Face bespoke him a Man of Wit and Understanding, and, to do him Justice, he was not defective in either of these Qualities; but at the same Time there was, both in his Stature and Tone of Voice, a something of the affected Nobleman, which always disgusted me, though it recommended him to others. This was likewise visible in his Behaviour, in which he very successfully aped the Man of Quality. Having made more than one Trip to *Paris*, he was enabled to act

the Coxcomb to Perfection, by copying the Marquisses and *Petits-Maitres* of that Country.

As Mr. *Hollis* was not amiable in his Person, and rather affected than polite in his Behaviour, so his Character was by no Means calculated to conciliate the Affection of a Woman. I could discover, during the Course of my Acquaintance with him, that, however he might sometimes affect Generosity, Avarice was his ruling Passion; and that though he counterfeited a Love almost rising to Idolatry of my Person, he was in Fact captivated by my Fortune alone. But I do not assign this as my particular Reason for rejecting him. He as well as his two Rivals appeared to me Men altogether unworthy of my Love, and possessed none of the Qualities requisite to make an

Impression upon my Heart. I however admitted the Visits of these Men, and of others whose Characters I shall hereafter describe, though I despised them; partly in Compliance with the Importunities of my Father and my Aunt, and partly to amuse myself, by remarking their Follies and Impertinencies. In this Respect they gave ample Scope to my Observations; and if ever they wearied me by the Length of their Visits, I indemnified myself afterwards by canvassing their Characters, and laughing at their Extravagancies, in my private Interviews with *Toinon*, who was an admirable Companion upon such Occasions.

C H A P. VII.

AS *Toinon* and I were one Day diverting ourselves with the Characters of my Triumvirate of Lovers, of whom she drew the most ridiculous Caricaturas imaginable; for no one ever possessed the Talent of diverting her Company at the Expence of the Absent in greater Perfection than she; I declared my Resolution to resist all the Importunities of my Parents, and never enter into the married State, if I never saw any more amiable Persons of the other Sex than those who at that Time paid their Addresses to me. *Toinon* highly approved of my Sentiments, and gave me a Piece of Advice which I never afterwards forgot, and which I have since made it the chief Care and Study of my Life to adhere to, *viz.* never to engage

engage myself for Life, till I had met with a Man whom repeated Trials should prove to be worthy of my Esteem. Observing that upon this Occasion she talked of Love as if she was perfectly acquainted with all its elegant Refinements, I questioned her; when she told me with a Sigh, that she had never met with more than one Man whom she thought worthy of her Affections; that he, after possessing, had abandoned her through mere Levity and Inconstancy of Temper; which, as she added, was a Fault too common in her Countrymen, and even amongst those possessed of the most amiable Qualities.

This Observation I have since found true by my own Experience. She acknowledged, indeed, that she had been engaged in some Intrigues; but gave

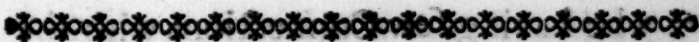
me to understand that she had been involved in these, like other unfortunate Persons of her Sex, by the calamitous Circumstances to which she had been reduced.

When *Toinon* expressed herself in this manner, I could not help discovering a Curiosity to know her Adventures; which she at first appeared unwilling to gratify, and seemed to insinuate that she was apprehensive of losing my good Opinion by a Narrative of the free Manner in which she had passed some Part of her Life; but I soon satisfied her that I was not one of those narrow-minded Creatures who think Chastity the only Virtue of the Sex, and that no Woman can possess any Worth without it.

Satisfied

Miss BEVERLY. 57

Satisfied with my Assurances, she immediately prepared to gratify my Curiosity, by relating the History of her Life, as the Reader will find in the following Chapter.



C H A P. VIII.

History of the Adventures of Mademoiselle
TOINON.

“THE Rank of my Father was
“ no higher than that of a Bour-
“ geois, or Citizen of *Paris*. He kept
“ a Coffee-House in *La Rue Serpente*,
“ and for some Years acquired sufficient-
“ ly by his Business to support himself
“ and his small Family genteely. *Paris*
“ abounds with Coffee-Houses, there
“ being hardly a Street of any Note
“ without three or four, and sometimes
“ a much greater Number in it; yet

D 5

“ there

" there is scarce one of them which is
 " not constantly crowded, since there
 " is always a great Concourse of Fo-
 " reigners, as well as Persons arrived
 " from distant Provinces, either on
 " Account of Business or of Pleasure,
 " who having few Connections with the
 " People of *Paris*, are reduced to the
 " Necessity of spending the greatest
 " Part of their Time at such Places.

" As my Parents lived very cre-
 " ditably, and met with great Success
 " for some Years after they began
 " Business, I passed the first Part of
 " my Life in Ease and Affluence. My
 " Father kept as good a House as any
 " Citizen in that Quarter; and being
 " an only Child, I was indulged in all
 " my Wishes. The Choice of Pleasures
 " was my only Embarrassment, and I
 " seldom had any thing more to do in
 " an

“ an Afternoon, but to deliberate
 “ which I should go to, the Opera,
 “ the Comic Opera, the French or
 “ the Italian Comedy. At Home, my
 “ Time was chiefly employed in read-
 “ ing Romances, of which every Year
 “ at *Paris* furnishes a new Supply, for
 “ the Amusement both of the City and
 “ Provinces. These, however trivial
 “ in other Respects, are always written
 “ with great Elegance of Stile: Their
 “ chief Tendency is to excite and en-
 “ flame the Passion of Love by the
 “ most amorous Descriptions; and,
 “ indeed, in most of them this Passion
 “ is treated with the utmost Refine-
 “ ment of Art, and the greatest Depth
 “ of Penetration.

“ As my Life passed in these Amuse-
 “ ments, it will not seem surprising that
 “ I was not unsusceptible of Love, which

" is generally an attendant upon Ease
 " and Affluence, whilst it flies the Ha-
 " bitation of Indigence and Labour.
 " It was some Time, however, before
 " any Inclination insinuated itself into
 " my Heart. 'Tis true, most of the
 " young Persons who used my Father's
 " House, paid their Court to me as I
 " sat at the Bar, according to a Custom
 " established, Time out of Mind, at
 " *Paris*, where the Bar-keeper of
 " a Coffee-House, if tolerably hand-
 " some, is an Idol to whom all those
 " who frequent the House offer up
 " their Incense. Declarations of Love
 " were every Day made to me, and I
 " received as much Flattery and Court-
 " ship as a Dutches; but these Com-
 " pliments and Professions, instead of
 " inspiring me with a Passion for any
 " of those who offered them, only in-
 " creased my own Self-Love and Vani-
 " ty,

“ ty, of which Nature had given me
 “ a tolerable Share; whilst I looked
 “ down with Contempt and Indiffe-
 “ rence upon my Suitors.

“ Some of these were Abbés, a Race
 “ of Men I could never endure, as
 “ Compositions of Pedantry, Imper-
 “ tinence, and Self-Conceit. Under
 “ the Calotte, or Leather Bonnet, and
 “ the black Gown, they conceal all
 “ the Vanity of a Marquis, as well as
 “ all the Knavery and Artifice of those
 “ Sharpers who are so well known at
 “ *Paris* by the Title of *Chevaliers de*
 “ *l'Industrie*, “ Knights of the Industry.”

“ Others of my Admirers were Gen-
 “ tlemen of the long Robe, as Advo-
 “ cates, Attornies, &c. or young Men
 “ who studied the Law, and attended
 “ the Pleadings at the *Palais Marchand*.

“ Though

“ Though these did not discover the
 “ same bad Qualities with the former,
 “ they were by no means endowed with
 “ the Talent of pleasing, and I beheld
 “ them with equal Coldness and In-
 “ difference. Their Deportment was
 “ stiff and affected, and their Language
 “ resembled their Behaviour; for they
 “ spoke with a ridiculous drawling
 “ Tone, and seemed to measure all
 “ their Syllables.

“ It was not long, however, before
 “ our Coffee-House began to be fre-
 “ quented by young Gentlemen and
 “ Officers; several of whom were ex-
 “ tremely amiable both in Person and
 “ Behaviour, and who all vied with
 “ each other in Professions of Esteem
 “ and Respect for me; amongst these
 “ I quickly distinguished one whom I
 “ thought worthy of my Affections.

“ He

" He was a Captain in the Army, and
 " at that Time had Leave from his
 " Superiors to absent himself from his
 " Regiment for some Months. He
 " was very young, not quite twenty;
 " and though he was rather diminutive
 " than tall, he was so exactly shaped,
 " and had such a pleasing Sprightliness
 " in his Face, softened with an Expres-
 " sion of the greatest Good-nature, that
 " a Woman less susceptible of Love
 " than I was, could not forbear being
 " enamoured at first Sight.

" What distinguished the Addressees
 " of *Monsieur de la Rose*, for that was
 " the Name of this young Officer, from
 " those of my other Suitors, was, that
 " all his Professions breathed a Tender-
 " ness which shewed they came from his
 " Heart; whilst the Courtship of the
 " rest seemed to be totally counterfeit,
 " prompted

“prompted by Vanity, and concen-
“tered in Self-Love.

“It has been observed, and not with-
“out good Reason, that there is a great
“Mixture of Self, in every Species of
“Love; but there is one Sort of
“Courtship which is entirely concen-
“tered in Self-Love, and has its Source
“in the Vanity of the human Heart.
“A young Fellow thinks there is
“something wanting to him, if he has
“not a Mistress, or does not by some
“Means or other discover the Gallan-
“try of his Disposition to those about
“him. Actuated by this Motive, he
“pays a counterfeit Adoration to the
“first Girl who comes in his Way, at
“the same Time that he, in Fact, only
“idolizes himself; and might with
“greater Propriety say all those fine
“Things to a Looking-Glass, than to
“the

“ the pretended Object of his Love.
 “ The Source of this Imposition is ob-
 “ vious. Young Persons imagine, that
 “ by appearing to admire, and be high-
 “ ly affected with, Beauty, they prove
 “ themselves to be amiable; just as the
 “ pretended Criticks and Connoisseurs,
 “ with which our Coffee-Houses are as
 “ much thronged as with those Cox-
 “ combs of the amorous Kind, sup-
 “ pose, that by affecting to extol the
 “ Abilities of Men of Genius, and to
 “ be in Raptures at the Beauty of their
 “ Compositions, they shew themselves
 “ animated by the same Spirit, and pos-
 “ sessed of the same extraordinary En-
 “ dowments.

“ But to return to a Subject much
 “ more interesting to me, I mean, to
 “ *Mons. de la Rose's* Passion. I was
 “ made completely happy by his Ten-
 “ derness

“ derness and Affiduity during the few
 “ Months he resided at *Paris*; but he
 “ was suddenly called upon to join his
 “ Regiment, which was at that Time
 “ quartered at *Marseilles*. I received
 “ this Information like a Clap of Thun-
 “ der; my Heart was overwhelmed
 “ with Melancholy, and filled with fore-
 “ boding Fears of a Transition from
 “ Happiness to Misery. Monsieur *de*
 “ *la Rose* employed all his Rhetorick
 “ to console me; and the Tender-
 “ ness which he discovered, together
 “ with an Assurance that he would
 “ write to me every Post, in some
 “ Measure mitigated the Anguish of
 “ my Heart.”

As it then began to grow late, *Toi-*
non and I parted for that Evening, af-
 ter she had promised me to resume the
 Thread of her Narrative the next
 Night;

Night; which I was impatient to hear, being filled with Curiosity by the Beginning.



CHAP. IX.

THE next Evening I soon retired to my Apartment with *Toinon*, whom I eagerly pressed to resume the Narrative of her Adventures; a Request she immediately complied with in the following Manner:

“ It is a common Observation, that
 “ Misfortunes seldom come single; and
 “ this proverbial Saying I found sadly
 “ verified at the Period of my Life I
 “ am now relating. After the Departure of Monsieur *de la Rose*, a Month
 “ passed without my ever hearing from
 “ him.

“ him. This filled my Mind with
“ anxious Apprehensions for his Safety;
“ for I did not in the least doubt of
“ the Continuance of his Love. But
“ this was not all; another Coffee-
“ House being set up in the Street,
“ the Barr-keeper of which had the
“ Reputation of a Beauty, my Father,
“ who, I must own, did not take suf-
“ ficient Care to oblige his Customers,
“ found himself all on a sudden desert-
“ ed by them. To this, I believe, I
“ contributed not a little myself, as I
“ was so void of Complaisance for the
“ Gentlemen who affected a Passion for
“ me, that I generally treated their
“ Addresses with Pertness and Con-
“ tempt. This Behaviour, though it
“ would have been right in one diffe-
“ rently circumstanced, was certainly
“ very imprudent in a Woman in my
“ Station of Life. What a dreadful
“ Reverse

“ Reverse of Fortune was this ! a sud-
 “ den Transition from Affluence, Ease,
 “ and Luxury, to Want, and all its
 “ Train of concomitant Miseries.

“ My Father being thus reduced,
 “ had no other Resource but to become
 “ a Waiter in another Coffee-House,
 “ and I was obliged to retire to a Con-
 “ vent at *Orleans*, the Abbess of which
 “ was distantly related to our Family.
 “ This Change of Circumstances mor-
 “ tified me not a little, and my Case
 “ seemed similar to that of one of the
 “ *Roman Vestals*, when for a Breach of
 “ Chastity they were buried alive in a
 “ Vault. The Solemnity of the Faces,
 “ the reserved Behaviour of all about
 “ me, the Retiredness of the Place ;
 “ all these Circumstances contributed
 “ to encrease my Melancholy. To
 “ add to my Affliction, the Abbess
 “ was

“ was daily pressing me to take the
“ Veil, assuring me that to one whose
“ Spirit was broken by Sorrow like
“ mine, the only Refuge was a religi-
“ ous Life. I resisted her Importunities
“ as well as I could, and for some
“ Months led a Life of unceasing
“ Melancholy. This sad Distress,
“ however, was at last dispelled, and
“ the Prospect brightened on a Sud-
“ den, when I little expected it.

“ One Evening after Prayers, as I
“ was walking in the Hall of the Con-
“ vent, I found my Heart lightened of
“ its Burthen almost instantaneously;
“ a calm Serenity arose in my Breast,
“ and a Gleam of Hope seemed to
“ pierce the Gloom of Despair. Some
“ unaccountable Impulse, which I can-
“ not explain, led me to the Parlour,
“ or Grate of the Convent; where alone
“ the

“ the Nuns can see and converse with
 “ those who come to visit them. I had
 “ not stood there long, when I was sur-
 “ prized and amused by a Regiment
 “ suddenly marching almost by the
 “ Window of the Convent; but how
 “ greatly was my Surprise increased,
 “ when I saw my Lover, Monsieur *de*
 “ *la Rose*, amongst the Officers of one
 “ of the Companies. He came up to
 “ the Parlour, and our Interview was
 “ as affecting as it was short. It was
 “ impossible for my Lover to stop long;
 “ but in the few Moments he was with
 “ me, he gave me to understand, that
 “ he would soon take Measures to de-
 “ liver me from the Place of my Con-
 “ finement; and desiring me to be at
 “ the Parlour on the same Hour the
 “ Day following, he bid me fare-
 “ well.

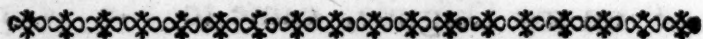
“ I took

“ I took Care to comply with his
“ Directions, and had not waited long
“ when a Person came, who brought
“ me a Letter and a large Bundle, the
“ Contents of which I was totally ig-
“ norant of. I opened the Letter with
“ all the Impatience of Love, easily
“ gueffing that it must come from
“ Monsieur *de la Rose*. It began with
“ Proteftations of the most sincere
“ Passion, and concluded by informing
“ me, that the Bundle which accom-
“ panied it, contained all that was ne-
“ cessary to facilitate my Escape;
“ namely, a Ladder of Ropes, and
“ Man’s Clothes as a Disguise. He
“ desired me to be in Readiness when
“ every Body in the Convent was in
“ Bed, and promised to come to my
“ Deliverance by Four o’Clock in the
“ Morning.

“ My

“ My Lover kept his Word; and I
 “ having, at the Hour appointed, put
 “ on my Disguise, came to the Win-
 “ dow, where he had for some Time
 “ waited my coming. I threw out my
 “ Ladder of Ropes, which *De la Rose*
 “ fastened below; and with a Heart
 “ palpitating with Hope and Fear, de-
 “ scended, till at last he received me in
 “ his Arms: Then my Fears all va-
 “ nished, and Joy and Rapture took
 “ entire Possession of my Heart. He
 “ carried me to his Inn, where we
 “ passed the Remainder of the Night
 “ in Extasies too exquisite and trans-
 “ porting to last for ever. A thousand
 “ Times, in the Ardour of his Passion,
 “ he vowed an eternal Love; and such
 “ a Novice was I then in Love Affairs,
 “ that I easily believed him, though I
 “ have since dearly experienced that

“ Man is more fickle than even our
“ changeable and inconstant Sex.”



C H A P. X.

I Took so much Pleasure in hearing *Toinon* relate her Adventures, which excited in me Emotions correspondent to her own, and raised in my Mind very high Ideas of the Happiness of an amorous Intercourse between two Persons who feel a mutual Affection for each other, that I thought every Minute an Hour till the Time of our next Interview. She, on her Side, was as eager to continue the Recital of her History; as she was naturally of a talkative Disposition, and, like other Lovers, took Delight in dwelling upon the dear Ideas of past Pleasures.

I

“ As

“ As soon as the first Transports of
 “ *De la Rose’s* Ardour, continued she,
 “ had so far subsided as to leave Room
 “ for Reflection, he deliberated upon
 “ the best Manner to conceal our Loves
 “ from general Observation, and con-
 “ certing Measures to continue our a-
 “ morous Connections unnoticed, and
 “ of consequence uncensured. He had
 “ too much Delicacy to bear the
 “ Thoughts of my following the Re-
 “ giment as his Mistress; and to mar-
 “ ry me, though he solemnly assured
 “ me that his Inclinations strongly
 “ urged him to it, was, he said, a
 “ Thing impracticable for him, as his
 “ Father, who was Major in the same
 “ Regiment, and a Man of a haughty,
 “ inflexible Character, would never
 “ forgive him, if he was to form such
 “ a Connection without his Consent;

“ and he had no Hopes of ever obtaining it.

“ As Love is inventive, he soon devised an Expedient to put us in the full Enjoyment of our Desires, as well as screen us from all Observation. My Person being such, that no one who saw me in my Disguise could ever suspect my Sex, his Intention was to make me pass for a young Man, who had just listed in his Company. When you are in the Habit of a Soldier, added he, I will, as is customary with Officers, chuse you as my Servant, which will exempt you from having any Connection with the Regiment, because Soldiers who attend Officers as their Servants, are excused from Duty: Thus you will have an Opportunity of being constantly near my Person, without
“ any

“ any one’s conceiving the least Sus-
 “ picion of what passes between us.

“ I was highly delighted with the
 “ Thought which Love had suggested
 “ to *De la Rose*; there was something
 “ romantic in it which humoured the
 “ wild Extravagance of my Passion; for
 “ I could have followed the dear Youth
 “ who inspired it all over the World
 “ as his Soldier; and have waited upon
 “ him as a Servant with the warmest
 “ Zeal that Love and Affection can in-
 “ spire. The Imagination of Lovers
 “ is ingenious, and avails itself of a
 “ thousand little Circumstances which
 “ they alone have Penetration enough
 “ to discern. This Disguise gave a
 “ new Gust to the Desires both of my
 “ Lover and myself. When he saw
 “ me in my new Dress of a Soldier,
 “ he declared with Raptures, that I

78 HISTORY of

“ was the loveliest Figure he had ever
“ beheld; his Passion seemed to in-
“ crease every Day, and our Lives
“ glided on in all the transporting Ex-
“ tacies of Love.

“ As all human Happiness, how-
“ ever, is liable to be disturbed and
“ interrupted by cross Accidents, whilst
“ we continued to lead this delicious
“ Life at *Orleans*, there happened two
“ Events, both of which disconcerted
“ us; and the last gave us not a little
“ Perplexity.

“ The Major, who visited his Son
“ very seldom, happened to call one
“ Morning and breakfast at his Quar-
“ ters. In Pursuance of *De la Rose's*
“ Stratagem I waited upon them, and
“ made their Coffee. The Major, I
“ could easily perceive, was highly
“ pleased

“ pleased with my Address; and ob-
 “ serving to his Son, that I was a pret-
 “ ty Lad, added, that it was a Pity
 “ I should be lost to the Regiment,
 “ and expressed a Desire that I should
 “ do Duty; for, said he, such a young
 “ Fellow as that may rise in the Army
 “ if he behaves himself well; but as
 “ long as he waits upon you as a Ser-
 “ vant, he can have no Hopes of meet-
 “ ing with Preferment. Let him do
 “ Duty, continued he, and I’ll lay an
 “ even Wager, that by the Time he
 “ knows his Exercise he will be a Cor-
 “ poral; that then, on the first Vacancy
 “ which offers, he will get a Halbert;
 “ and I don’t doubt but he may in Time
 “ be rewarded with a Pair of Colours.
 “ Such young Fellows as he, if they do
 “ but behave well, and endeavour to
 “ please their Officers, are sure of rising
 “ in the Army; I have known many

“such come at last to be Captains
“themselves.

“After having expressed these sanguine Hopes of my Preferment, the
“old Gentleman addressed his Conversation to me. My Lad, said he, can
“you read and write? To this Question I answered in the Affirmative,
“but in the most modest Manner I
“could. He continued to ask me several other Questions, and I could perceive that he had conceived a stronger
“Liking for me than he was well aware
“of. *De la Rose* likewise observed
“it; and it gave him some Uneasiness. He endeavoured to evade his
“Father’s Proposal by saying, that I
“was the Son of a rich Citizen at *Paris*,
“and that my Motive for listing was
“a Disgust I had received from my
“Parents; that I had been educated in
“so

“ so delicate and tender a Manner,
 “ that my Constitution could not bear
 “ the Fatigue of a Soldier’s Duty; and
 “ that he kept me about his Person,
 “ that I might be out of Harm’s Way,
 “ till a Reconciliation could be effected
 “ between my Parents and me, at which
 “ Time it was his Intention to give me
 “ my Discharge. Major *De la Rose* did
 “ not seem at all to relish this Discourse;
 “ but the Subject was dropped for that
 “ Time. He soon after retired, and
 “ both *De la Rose* and I, in comment-
 “ ing upon what he had said after
 “ his Departure, agreed in our Opi-
 “ nion, that notwithstanding my Dis-
 “ guise, my Beauty had made an Im-
 “ pression upon his Heart.

“ For a Time this gave us no Un-
 “ easiness, as we were convinced that
 “ he had no Suspicion of my Sex:

“ However, as he often renewed his
“ Importunities that I might do Duty,
“ in order to be in the Way of Prefer-
“ ment, and dropped several Hints,
“ that he would procure me the first
“ Pair of Colours which became va-
“ cant, the Perplexity of *De la Rose*
“ increased; and upon deliberating what
“ were the most prudent Means to put
“ an End to it, it was agreed by us both,
“ that the best Expedient was for me
“ to counterfeit Illness. Accordingly,
“ when the Major came next Morning
“ he found his Son attended by ano-
“ ther Soldier; at which he expressed
“ some Surprise, and enquired after me
“ with visible Marks of a Concern
“ which a superior Officer could hardly
“ shew for a private Soldier, if there
“ was not something extraordinary in
“ the Case. Being told by his Son that
“ I was very ill in bed, he made his
“ Visit

“ Visit that Morning much shorter than
 “ usual, which neither *De la Rose* nor I
 “ were at all puzzled to account for.
 “ In two or three Days he called again
 “ at my Lover’s Quarters; but being
 “ given to understand, that my Illness
 “ increased, he soon after totally discon-
 “ tinued his Enquiries.

“ Thus were we delivered from one
 “ Perplexity; but we soon after found
 “ ourselves involved in another, from
 “ which we should have found it much
 “ more difficult to extricate ourselves,
 “ if Fortune had not come to our As-
 “ sistance.”

CHAP. XI.

AT our next Interview *Toinon* thus resumed her Narrative.

“ Major *De la Rose* having at last dis-
“ continued his Visits, his Son and I
“ were freed from a troublesome In-
“ terruption to our Loves. The Ar-
“ dour of my Lover continued una-
“ bated, and I may say without Exag-
“ geration, that I then enjoyed the
“ highest Happiness which a Mortal
“ can be possessed of here on Earth.
“ So great was the Tenderness of *De*
“ *la Rose*, that I was never out of his
“ Thoughts. When he spoke to me,
“ his Looks expressed an Affection
“ which excited in my Soul Sensations
“ of the purest Joy and Gratitude. At
“ Table his Attention was so entirely
“ taken

“ taken up with helping me, that he
 “ seemed totally to neglect himself.
 “ In a Word, the Ardour of his Love
 “ was such, that it cannot be conceived
 “ by any one except myself who was
 “ the Object of it ; and it would be vain
 “ for me to attempt to give you an ade-
 “ quate Idea of it. Till you have ex-
 “ perience a Love equal to mine and
 “ his, it will be impossible for you to
 “ conceive the Brightness of our mu-
 “ tual Flame.

“ Our Happiness continued for some
 “ Time uninterrupted, till at last an
 “ Accident happened which gave us
 “ the utmost Perplexity. I happened
 “ one Evening to be seen by one of
 “ the Novices of the Convent from
 “ which I had made my Escape, who
 “ knew me, notwithstanding my Dis-
 “ guise, and immediately gave Notice

“ TO

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“ to the Abbess. The latter had no
 “ sooner received this Intelligence, than
 “ she repaired to the commanding Of-
 “ ficer, and telling him that one of the
 “ Novices belonging to her Convent
 “ had been seduced by an Officer of
 “ his Regiment, and was with him in
 “ Man’s Cloaths, desired that an En-
 “ quiry might be set on Foot, and that
 “ I might be sent back to my Con-
 “ vent. The Colonel asking her if
 “ she knew the Name of the Officer
 “ who had run away with one of her
 “ Nuns; she acknowledged she did
 “ not. He then told her it would be
 “ a very difficult Matter to give her
 “ any Satisfaction; but added, that he
 “ would make the strictest Enquiry;
 “ and bidding her call again in a Fort-
 “ night, told her he expected by that
 “ Time to be able to give her some
 “ Information.

“ Before

“ Before the Fortnight was expired,
 “ the Regiment, very fortunately for
 “ *De la Rose* and myself, received Or-
 “ ders to march into *Flanders*. This
 “ News gave us the highest Satisfacti-
 “ on. During the whole March, he
 “ gave me the strongest Proofs of the
 “ Ardour of his Passion, which seemed
 “ to be increased rather than diminish-
 “ ed by Enjoyment. The Tenderness
 “ and Affection he shewed me, I am
 “ unable to describe. But, alas! these
 “ Joys were not always to last; all hu-
 “ man Happiness is fleeting, and even
 “ the Cup of Love is seldom unmixed
 “ in a World consigned to Misery and
 “ Change. Yet I thought the Flame
 “ which glowed in my Breast merited
 “ from *De la Rose* the Return of a Love
 “ as lasting as our Lives; a Love wor-
 “ thy to be renewed and continued to
 “ all

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“ all Eternity in the Bowers of Bliss.
 “ How much I flattered myself when
 “ I conceived such Hopes! *De la Rose*
 “ soon discovered the Inconstancy
 “ which is, in a great Measure, the
 “ Characteristick of his Nation.

“ When we were arrived at *Va-*
 “ *lenciennes*, the Place of the Re-
 “ giment's Destination, my Lover
 “ took a genteel Lodging, unfortu-
 “ nately for me, in the same Street with
 “ the Play-House. From this seem-
 “ ingly trivial Circumstance, all the
 “ Misfortunes which I was afterwards
 “ involved in, took their Rise. There
 “ is no established Theatre at *Valenci-*
 “ *ennes*, but an itinerant Company often
 “ settles there for a Time, as at other
 “ considerable Cities of the Provinces..
 “ *De la Rose*, whose Tenderneſs for me
 “ was ſuch, that he ſtudied every Me-
 “ thod.

" thod to procure me Pleasures and A-
 " musements, finding, from my Dis-
 " course, that I was fond of theatrical
 " Entertainments, carried me every
 " Night with him to the Play; and
 " upon those Occasions I always re-
 " sumed the Habit of my Sex. I for
 " some Time took Pleasure in these
 " Diversions; not so much on their own
 " Account, having been used to them
 " at *Paris*, where they are to be seen
 " in much greater Perfection, as be-
 " cause I enjoyed the Company of my
 " dear *DelaRose* at these Representations.
 " Our Conversation and Endearments, at
 " the Intervals of the Performance, gave
 " me a Delight of a higher and more
 " exquisite Nature than could be im-
 " parted by any theatrical Exhibition,
 " tho' Magnificence had lavished upon
 " it all its Decorations, and Art exert-
 " ed its utmost Efforts in the Compo-
 " sition.

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“ fition. From the Play we returned
 “ to our Lodgings, where my Admi-
 “ rer, who spared no Expence which
 “ could contribute to procure me Plea-
 “ sure, took Care every Night to have
 “ an elegant Supper provided, which
 “ he sent for to a Tavern in the Neigh-
 “ bourhood.

“ For about three Months my Life
 “ was a constant Round of Pleasures.
 “ I enjoyed the Delights of Voluptu-
 “ ousness; those intellectual Gratifica-
 “ tions which may be properly called
 “ the Pleasures of the Imagination;
 “ and the highest Pleasures of all, the
 “ Raptures of successful Love. How
 “ severely then must I have felt the
 “ Change from Happiness so great to
 “ Misery and Wretchedness!”

Here

Here *Toinon* burst into Tears, and was so affected with the Remembrance of her Misfortunes, that she was obliged to discontinue her Narrative.



CHAP. XII.

AT our next Interview *Toinon* continued her Adventures as follows:

“ After three Months spent in uninterrupted Pleasures, I was at last visited by Affliction. A new Actress appeared upon the Stage of *Valenciennes*, who, on account of her admirable Performance, and the Lustre of her Beauty, became an Object of universal public Attention. This
 “ Actress

“ Actress soon gained Possession of
“ the inconstant Heart of *De la Rose*,
“ who till then seemed to have Eyes
“ for me alone, whose Thoughts ap-
“ peared solely employed about me,
“ and who was impatient whenever he
“ was a Quarter of an Hour out of my
“ Sight.

“ The first Suspicion I entertained of
“ this Change in the Affections of one
“ who had so often vowed eternal Con-
“ stancy to me, arose from his some-
“ times absenting himself from me for
“ two or three Hours, and at a Time
“ when Duty did not make his Absence
“ unavoidable; for before he never quit-
“ ted me even for a Moment, except
“ when Duty required his Attendance.
“ As long as he continued with me, I
“ never perceived any Abatement in
“ his Affections. His Looks were as
“ kind

“ kind and affectionate as ever, and
 “ he still discovered all the Raptures of
 “ the most ardent Lover. Notwith-
 “ standing this, from the first Time he
 “ saw the beautiful Mademoiselle Zer-
 “ bine, his Heart was wholly hers; and
 “ though for some Time after I conti-
 “ nued to possess his Person, I never
 “ regained his Affections. This proves
 “ that he possessed a Talent for Diffi-
 “ mulation, of which Men who have
 “ been engaged in many Amours are
 “ seldom destitute.

“ But I soon lost even this imperfect
 “ Shadow of Felicity; for the Regi-
 “ ment received Orders to march to
 “ *Lisle*, and the inconstant *De la Rose*
 “ went off with my Rival. I received
 “ this Intelligence with the utmost A-
 “ stonishment and Consternation. I
 “ found myself all on a sudden aban-
 “ doned

“ done by a Man who I flattered my-
 “ self would never forsake me, in a
 “ Place where I was without Friends
 “ or Acquaintance. Though I knew
 “ that he was gone to *Lisle*, I could
 “ not submit to follow him thither; for
 “ notwithstanding the Ardour of my
 “ Passion was unabated, I had too much
 “ Pride not to forsake a Man who had
 “ left me for a Rival: I therefore
 “ formed a Resolution immediately to
 “ quit *Valenciennes*.

“ I had, at the Time of *De la Rose*'s
 “ Departure, twenty Louis d'Ors a-
 “ bout me. Having quitted my Dis-
 “ guise, and assumed the Habit of my
 “ Sex, I seized the Opportunity of a
 “ very dark Evening to leave my
 “ Lodgings, unobserved by the Peo-
 “ ple of the House. My next Step
 “ was to take a Post-Chaise for *Antwerp*,
 “ where

“ where I arrived the next Day, about
 “ Noon, very much fatigued. I took
 “ Lodgings in one of the most frequent-
 “ ed Parts of the Town; and instead of
 “ seeking Solitude, used all the Art I
 “ was Mistress of to attract the Notice
 “ of every Body. My Funds were very
 “ low, and I was sensible that there was
 “ only one Resource left me. I resolved
 “ therefore not to neglect that, but to
 “ avail myself of the same Beauty which
 “ had caused my Ruin, by making me
 “ fall a Victim to an inconstant Lover,
 “ to extricate me out of that Misery
 “ and Indigence to which he had left
 “ me exposed. I began to conceive an
 “ Antipathy to the whole faithless Sex,
 “ by one of whom I had been betray-
 “ ed; and resolved for the future to
 “ avail myself of their Foibles and
 “ Follies, from the solid Motive of
 “ procuring a Subsistence, without ever
 “ weakly

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“ weakly giving up my Heart to any
 “ Individual of a Race whom I con-
 “ sidered as born for the Ruin of
 “ Woman-kind.

“ As I frequented all public Places,
 “ I was soon taken Notice of by a rich
 “ Merchant of *Antwerp*, whom I did
 “ my utmost to inveigle into Marriage;
 “ but finding my Efforts ineffectual,
 “ I was at last obliged to agree to his
 “ Proposal of living with him as a
 “ Mistress. Thus was I by my dis-
 “ tressed Circumstances reduced to a
 “ State of Life, which I have since
 “ found by Experience to be of all
 “ Conditions the most miserable and
 “ wretched. I was obliged to coun-
 “ terfeit Love for a Man, who would
 “ have been perfectly indifferent to
 “ me, if he had not enjoyed a Kind
 “ of Claim to my Affection, and who
 “ soon

“ soon became odious to me, by exact-
 “ ing that Return of Love which my
 “ Heart refused him.

“ However, as Dissimulation is an
 “ Art which few of our Sex find any
 “ great Difficulty in acquiring, I easily
 “ imposed upon my new Lover, by an
 “ outward Shew of ardent Affection;
 “ and though he was of a most avari-
 “ cious Disposition, I humoured his
 “ Passion with so much Success, that
 “ in less than a Year’s Time I received
 “ so many valuable Presents, that when
 “ his capricious Inconstancy made him
 “ forsake me, to take into Keeping the
 “ Sister of an *Italian* Mountebank, I
 “ had no Reason to regret his Loss, as
 “ he left me possessed of Money and
 “ Jewels, to the Value of upwards of
 “ 300 l.

“ Though I had always despised this
“ Man, my Vanity was somewhat mor-
“ tified at seeing another preferred to
“ myself; and though he could never
“ inspire me with Love by his Attach-
“ ment, yet he excited in my Breast
“ Emotions of Jealousy when he left
“ me. I determined to quit *Antwerp*,
“ where my being forsaken in this
“ Manner had rendered me an Ob-
“ ject of Derision to all my Acquain-
“ tance, and retiring to *Amsterdam*,
“ lived for some Time there in a pri-
“ vate Manner, upon the Wealth of
“ which Mynheer *Vandersluys*, which
“ was the Name of my Keeper at *Ant-*
“ *werp*, had made me Mistress. I at
“ first formed a Resolution to avoid all
“ Connections with the other Sex. I had
“ entered into two Engagements only
“ of the amorous Kind, and they both
“ ended

“ ended in such a Manner, as to leave
 “ me no Inclination ever to enter into
 “ a third. I looked upon the whole
 “ Race of Men as perfidious and de-
 “ ceitful, and determined to shun them
 “ for the future, as the Enemies and
 “ Betrayers of my Sex. It would have
 “ been happy for me, if I had adhered
 “ to this Resolution; but Vanity, which
 “ rules with too great an Ascendency
 “ over all of us, and which was in a
 “ particular Manner predominant in
 “ my Composition, again exposed me
 “ to those Snares which I had prudent-
 “ ly resolved to avoid for ever.

“ An *Italian*, who assumed the Title
 “ of Count, came to lodge in the
 “ House opposite to that in which I
 “ lived, a few Months after my Arri-
 “ val at *Amsterdam*. As he made a
 “ tolerable good Figure, and appeared

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“ always richly dressed, nobody sus-
 “ pected him of not being what he pre-
 “ tended. I was so unfortunate as to
 “ attract the Notice of this Man, who
 “ possessing a genteel Person, an easy
 “ Address, and a great Share of that
 “ Art and Insinuation for which his
 “ Countrymen are remarkable, found
 “ it no difficult Matter to make me
 “ forget the prudent Resolution I had
 “ formed. I own I was upon this Oc-
 “ casion betrayed by my Vanity. My
 “ Heart had only once felt the Influ-
 “ ence of a real Passion. I had never
 “ loved any Man but *De la Rose*, and I
 “ still retained a tender Remembrance
 “ of him, though he had betrayed me
 “ through Inconstancy. My Connec-
 “ tion with Mynheer *Vandersluys*, the
 “ rich Merchant of *Antwerp*, sprung
 “ from interested Views solely; but in
 “ my third amorous Connection, I fell

“ a Victim to Vanity alone. Count *Ro-*
 “ *manesi*, which was the assumed Name
 “ of my *Italian* Gallant, easily disco-
 “ vered my Foible; and being a Man
 “ of great Art and Cunning, he avail-
 “ ed himself of it in such a Manner,
 “ that I was at last entirely in his Power;
 “ nay, he acquired such an Influence
 “ over me, that if I had entertained a
 “ real Passion for him, I could not have
 “ been a greater Slave to his Caprice.
 “ At last, by taking Advantage of my
 “ Self-love, and plying me with inces-
 “ sant Flattery, he found it an easy
 “ Matter to persuade me to marry
 “ him; thus I entirely gave up my
 “ Liberty.

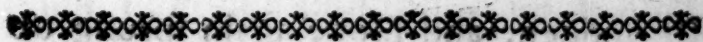
“ As my Husband assumed the Ti-
 “ tle of Count, and assured me he had
 “ an Estate in the *Milanese*, I secretly
 “ congratulated myself on so advanta-
 “ geous

" geous a Match, and waited with Im-
 " patience for the Day he had appoint-
 " ed for our Journey to *Milan*, where
 " I flattered myself with the Hopes of
 " making a more brilliant Figure than
 " I had ever done in any other Period
 " of my Life. But, alas! how much
 " was I imposed upon by the Delusions
 " of a vain and fallacious Hope! On
 " the very Morning of the Day which
 " the fictitious *Romanesi* had appointed
 " for our Departure from *Amsterdam*,
 " I found he had absconded, after hav-
 " ing robbed me of all my ready Mo-
 " ney, Jewels, and every Thing valu-
 " able that I was possessed of.

" So great a Misfortune almost de-
 " prived me of my Senses. I found
 " myself reduced to Indigence from
 " Affluence and Plenty; and what in-
 " creased the Poignancy of my Grief
 " was,

“ was, that I could ascribe it to no
 “ other Cause but my own Folly and
 “ Vanity. I summoned Reason, how-
 “ ever, to my Assistance, and delibe-
 “ rated what Course was most prudent
 “ for me to take in this Emergency.
 “ But Reason suggested no Expedient.”

Here *Toinon* perceiving me to grow
 very sleepy, put an End to her Nar-
 rative, which she at our next Meeting
 continued, as the Reader will see in
 the following Chapter.



C H A P. XIII.

“ **B** E I N G thus at *Amsterdam*, con-
 “ tinued *Toinon*, reduced to the
 “ most extreme Indigence, and desti-
 “ tute of Friends, I became dejected,
 “ and abandoned myself to Despair.

“ So great was the Trouble and Anx-
 “ iety of my Mind, that in my Hurry
 “ and Confusion of Thought, I went
 “ out of the House, and wandered about
 “ the Streets for a long Time, without
 “ knowing where to go or what Course
 “ to take. The Agitation of my Mind
 “ was such as can be conceived only
 “ by one who has experienced so dread-
 “ ful a Reverse of Fortune.

“ As Evening approached, my Anx-
 “ iety increased. But to my great
 “ Surprise, I found it cease all on a
 “ Sudden, and Hope again sprung up
 “ in my Heart, which had just before
 “ been a Prey to Melancholy. I have
 “ often found by Experience, that a
 “ sudden Joy and Serenity of Mind is
 “ the Forerunner of some good For-
 “ tune, in like Manner as an unexpect-
 “ ed Gloom and Dejection of Soul is
 “ the

“ the usual Prognostick of some Cala-
 “ mity. Soon after I felt this sudden
 “ Change in the State of my Mind, I
 “ heard a Person call to me in *French*
 “ from a Shop which I passed by. This
 “ Person I immediately recollected,
 “ upon his accosting me. It was Mon-
 “ sieur *Michel*, an intimate Friend of
 “ my Father’s, who was almost every
 “ Day at our House when we lived in
 “ Prosperity at *Paris*. He expressed
 “ great Joy at seeing me, enquir-
 “ ed after my Father, and guessing
 “ from my dejected Appearance, that
 “ I had met with some Misfortune,
 “ questioned me with regard to the Si-
 “ tuation of my Affairs. I told him
 “ the Accident which had lately be-
 “ fallen me; upon hearing of which he
 “ generously presented me with his
 “ Purse, which contained thirty Louis
 “ d’Ors. This temporary Supply, which
 F 5 “ came

“ came so seasonably to my Relief,
 “ somewhat mitigated the Sorrow my
 “ late Loss had occasioned, and I made
 “ the warmest Acknowledgments to
 “ my generous Benefactor. He did
 “ not stop there, but desiring me to
 “ use his House as my own during my
 “ Residence at *Amsterdam*, ever after
 “ shewed himself a sincere and disinte-
 “ rested Friend.

“ This Monsieur *Michel*, who was
 “ a Goldsmith by Trade, had left *Pa-*
 “ *ris* and settled at *Amsterdam* two
 “ Years before ; and was so successful
 “ in Business in the latter City, that
 “ he soon became immensely rich. In
 “ Compliance with his own Desire I
 “ often visited him, and he always re-
 “ ceived me with the most generous
 “ Hospitality, and the highest Polite-
 “ ness. This was in him the Effect of
 “ a vir-

“ a virtuous Disposition only; for he
 “ never discovered any amorous Views,
 “ or seemed to require any Return to
 “ his Favours, except what was con-
 “ sistent with Virtue to make.

“ This Gentleman's Affection for
 “ me, resembled that of a Father. He
 “ desired me to apply to him whenever
 “ I had Occasion for pecuniary Assis-
 “ tance, and shewed himself ready to
 “ serve and assist me upon all Occa-
 “ sions. Nothing could be more for-
 “ tunate than my meeting with such a
 “ Friend, when in such distressed Circum-
 “ stances; and yet there was something
 “ in my Nature that made me feel a
 “ Repugnance to receive Favours, for
 “ which I could make no Return. I
 “ therefore listened to the Addresses of
 “ a young Merchant from *London*, and
 “ agreed to a Proposal he offered me

“ of accompanying him to that City,
 “ and there living with him as his
 “ Wife: Though we agreed to omit
 “ the Marriage Ceremony, being both
 “ unwilling totally to resign our Liber-
 “ ty, but chusing to retain a Power of
 “ resuming it when we thought proper.

“ Mr. *Thompson*, which was the
 “ Name of the young Merchant, pos-
 “ sessed such an obliging as well as
 “ amiable Temper, that I lived three
 “ Years with him in a State of perfect
 “ Tranquillity and Ease; for in an
 “ Union between the Sexes, Happi-
 “ ness can only be expected where a
 “ mutual Love glows in the Bosoms of
 “ the Persons who thus agree to pass
 “ their Lives together. At the End of
 “ three Years, Mr. *Thompson*, who had
 “ before lived in great Credit in the
 “ City, broke for a considerable Sum;
 “ and

“ and this Misfortune had so great an
“ Effect upon his Mind, that it soon
“ after broke his Heart.

“ Such a Succession of Misfortunes
“ induced me almost to repine at the
“ Dispensations of Providence. I thought
“ myself born to be unfortunate, since
“ the Contagion passed from me even
“ to those with whom I had any Con-
“ nection. It was soon after this Event,
“ that I was taken by your Father into
“ his Family, where I have found a
“ secure Asylum from Indigence and
“ Misfortune.”

Here Mademoiselle *Toinon* concluded her Narrative, in which she very freely exposed the criminal Excesses she had been guilty of. Having concluded her History, she renewed her Cautions to me, to guard myself against
the

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the Perfidiousness of Men, and never
enter into any amorous Engagement,
till I had met with a Man worthy of
my Love.

This Advice I resolved to follow.
So far were any of the Suitors who
constantly pestered me with their Ad-
dresses, from appearing deserving of
my Esteem, that I entertained an equal
Contempt and Dislike for them all;
and the Reader will soon perceive that
this Contempt was well grounded. I
therefore very gladly embraced a Pro-
posal made me by my Aunt *Clayton*,
about this Time, to accompany her to
Bath. Having easily obtained my Fa-
ther's Consent, we set out next Day in
her Chariot, and arrived safe at that
celebrated City, without meeting with
any Accident or Adventure on the
Road.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

THERE is at *Bath*, during the Season for drinking the Waters, a Concourse of People of all Ranks and Conditions: Men of Quality, mixed with Sharpers, Adventurers, and Fortune-hunters; Persons in a weak and languishing Condition, who repair thither for the Recovery of their Health, and others, who by their Debaucheries seem bent upon impairing their Constitutions, and reducing themselves to the same State with the former; People of Fortune, who, weakly devoted to the Mode, venture Estates upon a Card or a Die, and Sharpers who acquire Estates by taking Advantage of the Weakness of these Fools of Quality; so that a Spectator who has any Turn to Observation, cannot fail to be amused

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amused by such a Groupe of Characters.

In one Particular, *Bath* appears to me to surpass *London*, *Paris*, and all the great Cities which I have visited in my Travels; I mean, in the various Topics of Conversation discussed there, and the Number of Anecdotes and Adventures related in every Company. This Circumstance, at the same Time that it renders it a Place of Residence highly agreeable to our Sex, should be a Reason for them to shun it with as much Caution as a Pilot steers a Ship from Rocks and Quicksands; for at *Bath* let a Woman

— be as chaste as Ice, as cold as Snow,
She cannot 'scape the Tongue of Calumny;

as our great dramatic Poet emphatically expresses it. Scandal is indeed the
Soul

Soul of every Conversation at *Bath*; and I must frankly acknowledge, that both my Aunt and I took too much Pleasure in listening to the Stories of those who made it the Business of their Lives to murder the Reputations of others. For this we were justly punished afterwards, by falling Victims to the same Slander which we had encouraged.

Soon after our Arrival at this Emporium of Defamation, Lady *Clayton* and I formed a Connection with a Personage extremely well qualified to gratify our censorious Disposition; whom, if it had not been for his great Talent at traducing Characters, and *bearing false Witness against his Neighbour*, we should never have thought worthy of being admitted to the Honour of an Intimacy with us. The Personage I mean is a little Gentleman, who, notwithstanding-

withstanding his diminutive Stature, is of great Importance in this Place. There is something effeminate in the Person, as well as Character of this Busy-Body; for though his Shape is inelegant, and his Features ordinary and common, there is a *je ne sçai quoy* of the Woman in his Looks, which is increased by the finical Affectation that discovers itself in his Tone of Voice and Deportment.

But there is no Circumstance of his Character in which Mr. — more resembles a Female, than in his great Propensity to Tittle-tattle, and notable Abilities for propagating Scandal and Detraction. At the same Time that he speaks Ill of every-body whose Back is turned, his Complaisance to those who are present borders upon Fawning and Flattery; and he will cringe to

to those at whom, the Moment before they entered the Room, he railed with the utmost Bitterness. This is not much to be wondered at; for he first made himself known to the World in the Character of a poetical Mendicant. He levied Contributions upon the Publick, by publishing Books of Poems by Subscription; received Presents from Noblemen for Dedications filled with Praises which they did not deserve; and by constantly boasting of his Abilities, drew in Publishers to employ him to write Books, by which they were afterwards Losers. Finding the Trade of Authoring not turn out to Advantage, he resolved to attach himself entirely to the Nobility and Gentry, who always are sure to pay those generously who humour them in their Foibles and Follies; and by making himself in a great Measure necessary to

the Company at *Bath*, *Tunbridge-Wells*, and other Places of public Resort, contrived to live in an Affluence altogether the Reverse of his indigent Condition when he followed the starving Train of the Muses. With this Person Lady *Clayton* and I often sat like the Coroner's Inquest upon the Bodies of murdered Reputations, of which we afterwards, repented as the Reader will see in the Sequel.

I had not been long at *Bath*, when Sir *William Harwood*, a Gentleman of a great Estate, and possessed of many Accomplishments, took Notice of me. He was very assiduous in his Courtship, and paid his Addresses to me with all the Ardour of the most passionate Lover. I thought him more deserving of my Esteem than any of the Suitors I have already described, though

though I could not make the Return which he desired to his Passion, as I soon discovered his real Character, and was convinced, that however artfully he concealed them, he was a Man of such impetuous Passions, that whoever should be so unfortunate as to marry him, must be forever a Slave to the Caprice of his Jealousy, and be tormented during the whole Course of her Life by his groundless Suspicions. Of all Characters, this is that with which a Woman who is not an Enemy to her own Repose, should be extremely cautious of forming any Connections; for the Lover who discovers the slightest Symptoms of Jealousy, is likely to make the worst of Husbands. My Aunt, who was highly pleased to see the Number of my Admirers increase, encouraged the Visits of Sir *William*; and my Vanity was flattered by his Addresses, though
my

my Heart could not approve of his Love. I received him, however, partly in Compliance with Lady *Clayton's* Request, and partly through a Motive of Vanity; but the anxious Jealousy of Temper which he soon discovered, made me every Day wish to drop his Acquaintance.

This Jealousy, for which he had at first no Reason, (but, as *Shakespear* admirably observes, Men are sometimes

Jealous, for they're jealous.

Othello.)

was afterwards increased to a Degree that gave me great Uneasiness, when a Rival, who soon presented himself, met with equal Encouragement from my Aunt, and was better received by me. Mr. *Belcourt*, who was far inferior to Sir *William* in Point of Fortune,

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an Article which had more Weight with my Aunt than myself, though much superior to him in Person and Accomplishments, shortly after added one more to the Number of my Admirers. This Gentleman had something amiable both in the Qualities of his Mind and his Person; but neither the former nor the latter were free from Defects. His Figure, however, upon the whole was pleasing, and his Manners engaging, notwithstanding a Dash of Affectation, which *Englishmen* too often discover upon returning from their Travels, and which was one of the chief Blemishes in his Character. He was tall, slender, and genteel in his Person; and his Face, though not such as might be called handsome, had something manly in it, with a Mixture of Sweetness which could not but please. In a Word, Mr. *Belcourt*, though he could

could not inspire me with the Passion of Love, had Qualities sufficient to excite in me that inferior Degree of sympathetic Affection called a Liking; and it was soon evident, that I preferred him to his Rival. This increased the latter's Jealousy to such a Degree, that it became more troublesome than ever; and I should have pressed my Aunt either to return to *London*, or to quit *Bath* and retire to *Bristol*, which she had some Inclination to see before her Departure, if the Liking which I had conceived for *Belcourt* had not prevented me.

I, however, soon wished I had taken this Course; for in a short Time Lady *Clayton* and I were alarmed, one Morning at Breakfast, with the News of *Belcourt's* being run through the Body by Sir *William Harwood*. The Concern
I felt

I felt upon this Occasion induced me to think my Predilection for his Rival greater than it was in Fact; for no one but a Woman void of Humanity, could be unaffected at hearing that a young Gentleman, who had been seen the Day before all Gaiety and Life, had so suddenly fallen a Victim to the Jealousy of a Rival. We afterwards heard this talked of in so many Companies, for News circulates very quick at *Bath*, that we no longer entertained any Doubt of the Truth of the Intelligence; but in the Evening I received a Note from *Belcourt*, which gave me to understand that his Wound was by no means dangerous, and that he hoped to have the Honour of waiting upon me in Person the next Day.

This Information gave me great Satisfaction, and I pressed my Aunt to

accompany me to visit him that Afternoon. This she very prudently declined, alledging as a Reason, that in a Place so much addicted to Scandal as *Bath*, such a Step might give Rise to some Report little to the Advantage of either of us. I acquiesced in the Justness of her Reason, and waited with some Impatience till the next Day, when I was equally surpris'd to see *Belcourt* perfectly recovered of his Wound, which had proved but a slight one, and in as great Spirits as ever.

After this Accident he continued to pay me his Addresses with redoubled Ardour, and at last declared his Intentions of going to *London* to ask me in Marriage of my Father, whenever my Aunt and I should leave *Bath*. I had no Objection to *Belcourt's* Person; and though I felt no Inclination for him
which

which should have engaged me to become his Companion for Life, yet as I preferred him to every Man I had ever seen, (for I never considered the Passion I had in my youthful Days for the Person who taught me to play on the Harpsichord, as a Love Attachment) I would readily have consented to marry him; but it happened luckily that some officious Person, with which Sort of People *Bath* abounds, informed my Aunt, by Letter, that *Belcourt* was only a Fortune-hunter, and that instead of being possessed of a great Estate in the North of *England*, as he gave out, he had not above fourscore Pounds a Year of his own: That he was at that Time kept by an elderly Lady of Quality, then at *Bath*, whose Bounty enabled him to make a Figure; that the rich Clothes he wore were all Presents of that Lady's; and, in a Word, that

if her Niece married *Belcourt*, she would marry much below herself, and find to her Cost that she had been taken in by an Adventurer.

This Account being afterwards confirmed by several Persons of Quality, who remembered *Belcourt* at *Paris*, where he had lived in great Splendor, and kept his Chariot and Six, she forbid him to continue his Visits at our House; a Denial for which I experienced very little Uneasiness, as the Character which had been given of him, especially the ignominious Circumstance of his being kept, entirely obliterated the slight Degree of Liking I had taken for his Person.

CHAP. XV.

THOUGH the Inclination I had conceived for *Belcourt* was, as I observed in the last Chapter, extremely slight, yet my Connection with him, notwithstanding, produced an Effect which made Lady *Clayton* think it advisable to hasten our Departure from *Bath*. Calumny, which in that City spares no Reputation, soon made me feel the Point of its Arrows. As it was evident to every Body, that I distinguished *Belcourt* from his Rival, by giving the former the Preference, a Report was quickly propagated, and believed by some, whilst others affected to credit it through mere Malice, in order to support and give it Currency, that I was deeply smitten with *Belcourt*; that I had had several secret Interviews

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with him; and, in a Word, that the Violence of my Passion for him, had made me deviate from the Paths of Virtue. Thus was I become a sort of Demi-rep, without having committed any Indiscretion to deserve it; and to my Cost found the Truth of the Observation of *Horatio*,

— 'tis a busy, talking World,
That with presumptuous Breath blows like
the Wind
As freely on the Palace as the Cottage.

I suspected, and not without Reason, that Mr. D—— had been instrumental both in raising and propagating this Report; for it was usual with him to sacrifice the Reputation of a Lady to the Diversion of whatever Company he happened to be engaged with. I soon found that my Suspicion was well grounded,

grounded, having been told by several of my Acquaintance, that he had whispered it as a Secret to them, that I had had several secret Interviews with *Belcourt*.

I was so highly incensed at this Instance of Treachery, that I resolved to be revenged upon *D——*. This Design I easily found Means to put in Execution. One Colonel *Fitzmorris*, a distant Relation of our Family, whom I knew to be of a vindictive Disposition, often visited my Aunt. Him I found Means to persuade that *D——* had once insinuated before a numerous Company that he was a Coward; nay, had gone so far as to invent a scandalous Story of his having declined to accept a Challenge; and that he had told it with a Confidence which made it pass for Truth with those to whom it was re-

lated. This Intelligence highly incensed the Colonel, who said with great Warmth, that *D—* should find to his Cost that he was no Coward.

'Tis a common Observation that Poets are, generally speaking, Cowards. This Observation is in a particular Manner verified in Mr. *D—*, and it is perhaps the only Quality of a Poet to be found in him in any Degree of Perfection; for his Verses are as execrable as those of any Poetaster,

Whose tuneful Whistling makes the Waters pass.

The Colonel soon after executed his Threats; for I had the Satisfaction to hear he had caned *D—* in a Coffee-House full of Company. The latter, though he is remarkable for having a
Front

Front of Brags, was so mortified by this Disgrace, that, for some Days, he was ashamed to shew himself in any Company; but he soon re-appeared, being possessed of great Confidence; a Quality absolutely necessary for all Persons of inferior Rank who live amongst the Great.



CHAP. XVI.

SOON after I had thus enjoyed the Pleasure of Revenge, which, next to that of successful Love, I apprehend to be the greatest a Woman can possess, Lady Clayton and I set out for the Metropolis. My Father, Mother, and Aunt *Barbara*, were as much rejoiced at seeing us, as if we had been absent a whole Age; and as nothing

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contributes so much to give a Relish to Society, and all other Enjoyments, as a short Privation of them both, the Company of my Friends, and the Pleasures of the Town, received a Sort of Novelty from my Absence, which heightened the Satisfaction I received from them.

My former Suitors renewed their Solicitations; but I secretly despised them all, though, to please my Father and Mother, I suffered their Addresses, and endeavoured in some Measure to conceal my Contempt for them. A fourth was soon added to the Number, viz. Sir *William Harwood*, who thinking the Wound he had given his Rival *Belcourt* was mortal, had fled over to *France*; but having received Information of his Recovery, was returned to *England*. As if Absence had increased

creased his Affection for me, he renewed his Addresses to me with redoubled Ardour, and spared no Expence to prove the Excess of his Passion. He gave Balls, and made Entertainments purely on my Account, which put him to great Expence. He often gave Serenades under my Windows, and made me the richest Presents; but all his Endeavours to please were insufficient to inspire me with Love; Esteem was all I could afford him; and Esteem and Indifference are very compatible.

As his Estate was more considerable than that of any of his Rivals, my Parents and Friends espoused his Cause with much greater Zeal than they had ever expressed for any of the rest. I could not, however, consent to give my Hand to a Man whose jealous

Temper would, I was convinced, make me unhappy. The humble Submission of the Lover, whose Passion seemed to rise almost to Adoration and Idolatry, would quickly have succeeded to the Imperiousness of the lordly Husband, and I might possibly at last have experienced the same Fate with *Desdemona*; for though Sir *William* possessed many good Qualities, yet when he was hurried away by the Violence of his Passions, he little valued his own or any other Person's Life. He had already fought a Duel upon my Account, although I had given him very little Encouragement to provoke his Jealousy; and some subsequent Events will fully convince the Reader, that he was capable of a desperate Action.

I gave so little Encouragement to his Rivals, that he could have no just Reason

Reason to challenge any of them; his jealous Temper, however, took Umbrage at their Presence, and he determined at all Hazards to rid the House of them. My City Lover he easily intimidated and excluded; for Misers are always Cowards. He had then only two Rivals left to deal with; but both these were military Men, and to judge by outward Appearances, Men of Spirit. It however appeared upon this Occasion, that a Cockade is not always an infallible Sign of Courage, and that it is not possible to form a right Judgement of the internal Qualities of the Soul from the outward Behaviour. Sir *William*, by insinuating both to the Colonel and Mr. *Hollis*, that he would challenge them if they did not discontinue their Visits, soon made them disappear. Their Love was entirely counterfeited, prompted by interested

Views

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Views alone, and they were too wise to venture their Lives for a Woman. They therefore both prudently withdrew, without compelling Sir *William* to give them a second Hint. I should have thought he had done me a great Service, by ridding me of this importunate Triumvirate, if he had followed them himself; but alone he gave me more Trouble than all the rest put together; and the Reader will see, in the next Chapter, that I had every Thing to apprehend from a Lover thus hurried away by the Violence of his Passion.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

I Observed in my last Chapter, that Sir *William Harwood* was a Man of such strong Passions, that although he possessed an excellent Understanding, and some good Qualities, he valued neither his own, nor the Life of any other Person, when the Gratification of his Desires was in Question. Of this I soon after received Proofs which gave me the highest Uneasiness. When he found all his Addresses were ineffectual, and that instead of making the warm Return of Love to the ardent Passion which he felt, I only compassionated his Case, he grew quite frantic; for such is the Power of Love, that it is able to disorder the Heads of Men of the best Understanding; and the Actions of many Persons of as
good

good Sense as Sir *William*, sufficiently evinces the Truth of the common proverbial Saying, which Mr. *Dryden* has thus verified;

The Proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

Palæmon and Arcite.

To return from this Digression: The Extravagance of Sir *William's* Passion entirely overcoming his Reason, one Evening, after making me a warmer Declaration of Love than he had ever done before, he was so incensed to find that I still turned a deaf Ear to his Intreaties, that suddenly drawing his Sword, he told me with an Air of desperate Resolution, that since he found his Life disregarded by her, whom to please was the only Happiness he aspired to, it was become odious to him,
and

and he was resolved by one Stroke to rid me of his importunate Addressee, and put an End to an Existence become burthensome to himself.

Such an Action would have intimidated some Women; but as I was born with a Spirit and Resolution superior to most of my Sex, I was so far from being terrified by his Rashness, that I calmly represented to him, how high an Injury he would do me, by making my Father's House the Scene of Suicide; and added, that the best Proof he could give of the Sincerity of his Passion, was to be satisfied with such a Return as I could make to it; and not torment himself and me, by exacting those tender Sentiments from me, which neither he nor any other Man had ever been able to inspire me with.

I delivered

I delivered myself to this Effect with an Air so determined and intrepid, that, as the Passions of a Lover are changeable as the Weather, the Transport by which Sir *William* had been agitated a few Moments before, subsided into a sudden Tranquillity; his Reason seemed to return, and he appeared disposed to listen to its Dictates. He told me, that he would always regulate his Conduct by my Will; and that since I commanded him to live, he would obey, though Life without my Love was burthenfome and tedious.

A few Days after he sent a Card to our House, to invite my Aunt *Barbara* and myself to Supper; my Mother being then confined to her Chamber by an Indisposition, could not be of the Party, and my Father was gone
into

into the Country a Fortnight before. I felt a secret Foreboding, which made me unwilling to accept of this Invitation, and used many Arguments to persuade my Aunt to decline it. She, however, with an Obstinacy peculiar to her Character, insisted upon my accompanying her to Sir *William's* House. I have generally found an Impulse of Evil the Forerunner of a Misfortune; but though an Accident happened which demonstrated the frantic Excess of Sir *William's* Passion, and proved that Men of the best Understanding are often blinded and led into the most foolish Extravagancies by Love; it was of such a Nature, that I should only have laughed at it, had it not convinced me that a Man, whose Reason could be so far depraved and discoloured, was capable

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ble of the most desperate Undertakings.

Nothing remarkable happened at Supper; but the Consequences of this Entertainment were of such a Nature, that I cannot forbear relating them. I was in a few Days after seized with an Indisposition, which, though it at first appeared slight, grew afterwards more serious. As it continued three or four Days, I was surprized to find my Aunt one Morning discover great Uneasiness, and taking me into her Closet, with a mysterious Air (for Mademoiselle *Toinon* and my Maïd were with me in the Apartment) began by saying, "My dear Niece, I have a Secret to disclose to you; though I must first ask your Pardon for having, I am afraid, contributed to your Disorder." I could not comprehend her Meaning,

Meaning, and begged she would give herself no Uneasiness on my Account: My Curiosity likewise being greatly excited by this Beginning, I pressed her to communicate her Secret, without keeping me longer in Suspence.



CHAP. XVIII.

MY Aunt, as I observed at the Conclusion of the last Chapter, had raised my Curiosity to the highest Pitch, whilst she deferred to gratify it, and for a long Time persisted only to bewail her Rashness, and ask my Pardon for the Calamity which she was afraid she had brought upon me. As I was impatient to know the Meaning of this enigmatical Discourse, I urged her

her warmly to explain herself; at last she complied with my Intreaties, and to my great Surprize thus addressed me:

“ My dear Niece, I feel the most
“ dreadful Apprehensions, as my In-
“ discretion may prove the Cause of
“ your Death: I now fear the fatal
“ Effects of Sir *William*’s extravagant
“ Passion, which I was weak enough
“ to favour too unadvisedly. Finding
“ you were not to be moved by his
“ reiterated Declarations of Love, his
“ Passion suggested to him a Design
“ which he communicated to me; and
“ it gives me the highest Uneasi-
“ ness that I consented to his putting
“ it in Execution. He thought, by
“ giving you Love-Powders, to remove
“ your Prepossession against him; and
“ as I did not imagine they could pro-
“ duce

“ duce any other Effect than to inspire
“ your Heart with Affection for a Man,
“ whom I thought it was your Interest
“ to marry, I made no Opposition to
“ his having Recourse to Means which
“ I then thought innocent, but now
“ look upon in a very different Light.
“ When we supped with him, you
“ drank the Love-Powders in a Glass
“ of Mountain, and I am very apprehensive
“ that your Indisposition may
“ have been caused by them. For
“ having since entertained some Scruples
“ about the Qualities of Philters
“ and Powders of that kind, the other
“ Day, when Cousin *Blackwood* visited
“ me, I took Occasion to start that
“ Subject of Conversation, and what
“ he told me has greatly increased my
“ Terror. He gave me to understand,
“ that many had lost their Lives, and
“ some their Senses, by Powders of
“ this

" this Kind. I remember he told me
 " a particular Instance of a famous
 " Man, but the Name I cannot recol-
 " lect, whose Wife was jealous of him,
 " and thought by means of Love-
 " Powders to regain his lost Affection;
 " the Consequence of which was, that
 " he was deprived of his Senses, and
 " continued mad all his Life after;
 " though he had some lucid Intervals,
 " in which he wrote a famous Book;
 " my Cousin told me the Name of it,
 " but I have forgot that too. Nothing
 " can equal the Anxiety I have felt
 " since I had that Conversation with
 " him, and if any ill Accident should
 " befall you, I shall never forgive my-
 " self."

As I possessed more Strength of
 Mind than my Aunt, I could not for-
 bear smiling at her Simplicity, and
 bid

bid her entertain no Apprehensions on my Account, for I was perfectly satisfied that my Indisposition was owing to my having caught Cold, and not to any supernatural Cause, especially That she mentioned. I however approved of her Resolution to forbid Sir *William* the House from that Day forward, and readily agreed with her, that a Man whose Passion rose to such a Degree of Enthusiasm, would not scruple to proceed to any Lengths to gratify it.

In Consequence of this Resolution, when Sir *William* next called at our House, my Aunt informed him that it was her Intention, as well as mine, to exclude him the House for the future.

Sir *William* was a Man of such strong Passions, that he could not receive this Denial without turning black

in the Face. He however retired muttering, in an inarticulate Voice, something which my Aunt could not hear.

I could not without some Concern receive Information soon after, that Sir *William* was taken ill of a violent Fever, and in his Ravings constantly repeated my Name, and upbraided me with my Cruelty. To a Mind not void of Humanity, it must give some Uneasiness, to be even the innocent Cause of a Fellow-creature's Sufferings. This Uneasiness, however, did not continue long; for Sir *William*, being naturally of a robust Constitution, got the better of his Disease, and assuming outwardly an Air of Tranquillity and Composure, was heard to say in many public Places, that he was resolved to think of me no more, but to forget an ungrateful Woman, who returned

the warmest Passion which ever glowed in the Breast of a Mortal, with Unkindness and Disdain. It gave me great Satisfaction to hear, that Sir *William* had taken this Resolution; but I found afterwards, that Love is not a Passion so easy to be subdued, and that he had only counterfeited Indifference, in order the more easily to find an Opportunity of compassing his Ends.

My Aunt and I soon after set out for my Father's Country Seat; but before we got half Way, we were surprized to find our Coach stopped by several armed Men on Horseback, who opening the Coach-Door, would have taken me out and carried me forcibly into another Coach. I could easily discover Sir *William* amongst them; I knew him by his Shape and Air, though he wore a Mask. I

should certainly have fallen a Victim to this Violence, as we had only a few Footmen without Arms to defend us; when Heaven, which generally sends the necessary Succour at a proper Time, did not forsake me upon this Emergency. Whilst I struggled with my Ravishers, and did my best to defend myself, a Regiment of Horse, which happened to be then upon the March, came so near the Coach, that they could have heard me if I had called out to them for Assistance; whereupon the Ravishers immediately betook themselves to Flight with the utmost Speed.

C H A P. XIX.

WHEN my Aunt and I arrived at my Father's Country-Seat, we imparted to him all that had befallen us, and he expressed the utmost Uneasiness at hearing of the rash Attempt of Sir *William*. Such a Man, he observed, was capable of any thing, and might, if Measures were not taken to prevent him, undertake something still more desperate, and effect my Ruin by his Machinations. He therefore deliberated with my Aunt what was the best Course for him to take for my Security. Many Methods were proposed; but, upon Examination, we found Reason to reject them all, as we could hit upon none which were not productive of the worst Consequences.

quences. At last my Aunt *Barbara* proposed that I should go with her to *France*, where many of her late Husband's Relations were still living, who would receive me with open Arms, and where I should have an Opportunity of improving, by observing the Manners and Customs of a Country which, on account of its Politeness, was visited by the Inhabitants of all the Nations of *Europe*.

My Father seemed to approve of this Proposal, but expressed some Unwillingness to part with me, and said, that he was doubtful whether it would be possible to prevail on my Mother to consent to the Separation. However, when he reflected that Travelling might contribute greatly to my Improvement, he ceased to make any farther Objections, and declared he would
do

do his utmost to bring her into his Way of thinking.

We immediately returned to *London*, in order to acquaint my Mother with the Design we had formed. She at first seemed greatly averse to to it; but my Father proved by such convincing Reasons, that it was not safe for me to continue in *England* exposed to the Rashness of Sir *William*, that she at last consented to my leaving the Kingdom for a Time, till the frantic Ardour of his Passion was somewhat abated.

Just before my Aunt and I embarked for the South of *France*, which she chose first to visit, thinking that her declining State of Health might be re-established by a Summer's Residence at *Montpellier*, my Sister was married to one Mr. *Wentworth*, a rich Mer-

chant in the City; but a Man so ordinary, and so void of personal Accomplishments, that I could not help wondering at her Choice. Particular Care was taken to keep our intended Voyage to *France* a Secret, lest it should come to the Knowledge of Sir *William*, who we were certain would follow us, and give us new Uneasiness by his audacious Attempts.

At last the Day for our Departure came, when I was very much affected at taking a Farewel of Relations so near and dear to me; at the same Time my Heart secretly rejoiced at the Prospect of seeing a new World, as it were; and my Imagination figured to itself a thousand agreeable Objects, which I could not but meet with in a Variety of Cities totally different in Manners and Language from any which I had hitherto

hitherto seen. *Toinon*, who chose to accompany us in our Voyage, was equally delighted at having an Opportunity of once more seeing the Place of her Nativity. All Things being in Readiness for our Departure, we embarked for *Bourdeaux*, where we arrived after a Passage of about a Month; contrary Winds and frequent Calms having made it last all that Time, though Ships have been frequently known to run it in three Days.

We were received with the greatest Politeness and Hospitality imaginable by Monsieur *Fourdain*, a rich Merchant, who was a distant Relation of my Aunt's Husband. He was an agreeable Man, possessed a great Share of Vivacity, and his Conversation was always pleasing, except when he talked of himself, which was rather too often. His only

Fault consisted in being a little too much addicted to the Figure of Speech vulgarly called Rhodomontade, and by which all the Inhabitants of this Country, bordering upon *Gascony*, are remarkably distinguished. He was constantly boasting either of the Estate he had purchased in the Neighbourhood of *Bordeaux*, his Country-Seat, and the fine Gardens belonging to it, which in Beauty surpassed all the Villa's upon the Banks of the *Garonne*; or his Connections in Trade, which he declared to be so considerable, that there was not a Country in the four Quarters of the World, in which he had not Correspondents.

I soon perceived this boasting Temper was general amongst the Natives of *Guienne*. An Abbé, who often dined at Monsieur *Jourdain's* House, asserted one
Day,

Day, that the University of *Bordeaux*, which by the bye is altogether obscure, surpassed all the Seminaries of Learning in *Europe*; that all the Arts and Sciences, that Physick, Divinity, and Civil Law, were there studied with greater Success than in any other University whatever. He added, that *Bordeaux* had produced more Men of Genius than any City in *Europe*; but when pressed by a Native of *Toulouse*, (the Inhabitants of which City exceed even those of *Bordeaux* in Rhodomontade) who warmly entered the Lists with him, to name all those great Geniuses to which his City had given Birth, he could recollect the Names of three only, *Ausonius* in ancient Days, and *Montaigne* and *Montesquieu* in later Ages. This was a great Triumph to the Abbé from *Toulouse*, who immediately took Occasion to depreciate the

University of *Bordeaux*, and extol the Reputation of that of *Toulouse* upon its Ruins. He maintained with all the Obstinacy of a Disputant, and all the Bigotry of Zeal, that the University of *Toulouse* had produced the greatest Mathematicians, Divines, Civilians, Philosophers, Physicians, and even Poets, in *Europe*. He went so far as to affirm, that no Latin Poem ever carried the Prize there, which was not equal in Elegance to the Compositions of any of the classic Poets. Here the other Abbé, who espoused the Cause of the University of *Bordeaux*, replied with such Warmth, that Monsieur *Jourdain*, apprehensive the Disputants might go too far (for by the obstreperous Vivacity of their Tone, and the Fury of their Looks, one would have thought they were just proceeding to Fifty-Cuffs) interposed, and turning the

the Conversation to a new Topick, prevented any ill Consequences from ensuing.

The Ladies at *Bourdeaux*, as well as in most Parts of *France*, bedaub their Faces so with *Rouge*, that they quite disfigure themselves. I speak here only of those who are ordinary; for such as have any Share of Beauty, and indeed there are many brilliant Beauties in *France*, either use no Paint at all, or use it with such Art, and in such Moderation, that it is productive of no bad Effect. I likewise observed a similar Difference between the Dress of the Ladies of the first Class, and those of the latter. The former think to hide their Deformity under a Load of Ornaments; the latter have Recourse to that Simplicity which
adorns

adorns without disguising, and shews Beauty to the best Advantage.

As the People of *Bordeaux* are, for the most Part, devoted to Commerce, the Men in that City generally contract a Stiffness of Deportment; I have, however, seen many even there who possessed all that Gallantry and Freedom of Air for which the *French* are so remarkable. One Circumstance greatly surprized me during my Stay here, which was, to find that the Inhabitants in general spoke *French* with a worse Accent than I did myself, though the Language was not natural to me. I took Notice of this to *Toinon*, who told me I should meet with this vicious Pronunciation as long as I travelled in the southern Provinces of *France*. The Tone in this Part of the Kingdom is acute and lively, and bears a strong Resem-

Resemblance to the *Italian* Accent; for at *Bordeaux*, and all over the South of *France*, besides the *French* Language, the People speak a Kind of Jargon, or corrupt Idiom, which approaches much nearer the *Italian* than the *French*. This the Natives, and some belonging to other Provinces, admire greatly for its Beauty. It is remarkable, that those who have contracted the Accent of these Provinces, are seldom or ever afterwards able to acquire the true *Paris* Pronunciation, which is naturally soft and languishing, whilst that of the South is sprightly and acute. I was much astonished, notwithstanding, upon my visiting *Paris* some Time after, to find that the celebrated *Geliot*, *Made-moiselle Fell*, and all the best Singers of the *Paris* Opera, were originally from this Country.

The

The City of *Bourdeaux* is one of the most amusing to a Stranger of any in *France*; for as it is the greatest Place of Trade in that Kingdom, there is always such a Concourse of Foreigners in it from all Parts of the World, that one is sure to meet with a Variety of Characters of all Sorts. To those who come from *England*, indeed, it is a Sort of Miniature of *London*; for they may there find *English*, *Irish*, *Scotch*, and *Welsh*, all jumbled together, as in the Metropolis of *England*. The *Jews* are very numerous, and are extremely ill used in this City; for they can scarcely walk the Streets without being followed by Crowds of idle Boys, who pelt them with Stones and Dirt. Their patient Resignation to this Treatment for the Love of Lucre, proves the Truth of what *Shylock*, in the Play, declares

to

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to be the Characteristick of the whole
Israelitish Nation ;

Sufferance is the Badge of all our Tribe.

Merchant of Venice.



C H A P. XX.

AS my Aunt's Intention was to make no considerable Stay at any Town in *France*, till we arrived at *Montpellier*, the healthy Air of which Place she thought would greatly contribute to the Recovery of her Health, we stopped but a Fortnight at *Bordeaux*, though Monsieur *Jourdain* pressed us warmly to protract our Visit to a Month.

Having

Having taken our Leave of him and his Family, we set out in a Post-chaise to *Thoulouse*, attended by six Footmen well mounted and armed; for we were told by Monsieur *Fourdain*, that the Road from *Bordeaux* to that City was very much infested by Robbers. Of this we met with frequent Proofs in our Journey, as we could not travel twenty Leagues without seeing what the Natives call in this Country *Les Fourches*. These are a Sort of Gibbets, which are made of two or more Stone Pillars joined together at Top by an Iron Bar; on this the Bodies of Highwaymen are hanged in Chains, to deter others from following the like Courses. It seems surprising that Robberies should be so frequent in this Country, as Highwaymen are here punished with the same Severity as Murderers, both being

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ing equally condemned to be broke
alive upon the Wheel.

On our Arrival at *Tboulouse*, we were
very hospitably received by Monsieur
De la Pouillade, a Relation of Monsieur
Jourdain, to whom that Gentleman
gave us a Letter of Recommendation.
The City of *Tboulouse* is one of the
largest in *France*, next to *Paris*. It is
built of Brick, a Circumstance in which
it differs from most of the Cities of
that Kingdom. It has a very grand
Appearance; the Bridge in particular,
and the Building round about it form-
ing a *Coup d'Œil* as grand and striking
as any to be seen at *Paris*. We stayed
but three Days at *Tboulouse*, though our
kind Host pressed us to favour him with
our Company for two Months. But
my Aunt was impatient to see *Montpel-*
lier; we therefore took our Leave of
Monsieur

Monfieur *De la Pouillade* and his Family ; all of whom had vied with each other in the Politenefs and Civility of their Behaviour to us.

We foon after arrived at *Montpellier*, which, though remarkable for the Salubrity of its Air, and renowned as a School for Phyficians, has nothing in its Appearance that deferves a particular Description. As my Aunt propofed refiding the whole Summer at this Town, fhe took a large Hotel, and we lived there in a Splendor which foon attracted the Attention both of Natives and Foreigners. As there were many *Englifh* Families of Difinction then at *Montpellier*, our Houfe was a Rendezvous for the beft Company of both Sexes from *England*, *Ireland*, and *Scotland*. I could eafily perceive, that Distance from their Country had endeared

deared it to them; and in their Behaviour to each other, there was a Politeness and Attention to oblige, much superior to what I ever experienced amongst the *English* when at Home.

I had not resided long at *Montpellier* before my Beauty procured me more Admirers than one. The first of these was Lord *Belmont*, an *English* Nobleman, who, though fifty, had so much of the young Man in his Appearance and Deportment, that no one would have thought him to be above thirty. He had, no doubt, been handsome in his Youth; for though he was low in Stature, his Person was exactly shaped; and the Elegance of his Figure was rendered still more conspicuous by the engaging Politeness of his Address. His Features were regular and good, his Eyes in particular exceeding

ceeding lively and piercing; yet a Person of Discernment could easily discover that he was beginning to decline into the Vale of Years.

At the Age of Lord *Belmont*, a Man may have the Address, the Vivacity, and the Deportment of Youth; in a Word, he may have every Quality of Juvenility, except that of being amiably handsome: But this Quality is so essentially necessary for inspiring the Passion of Love, that no Man was ever loved without it. The foolish Hearts of Women have often indeed imposed upon them, and made them think they had a serious Passion for Men, when they were in Fact only dazzled by their Reputation or shining Qualities. Thus has Esteem, Admiration, nay often that Kind of Admiration which has a Mixture of Envy in it, been

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been mistaken for Love. I own I was upon this Occasion the Dupe of my own Vanity. As Lord *Belmont* enjoyed universally the Character of a Man of superior Genius, having distinguished himself as a Speaker in the House, and discovered extraordinary Abilities in several Negotiations in which he had been employed, my Pride was flattered at seeing such a Man in the Number of my Captives, and I for some Time thought I loved him; though upon this Occasion I mistook Esteem for Love. My Aunt was highly pleased to see me addressed by a Suitor of such Rank, and espoused his Cause with Zeal; being dazzled not so much by his personal Accomplishments, as by an Estate of ten Thousand a Year, which she knew he possessed. His Lordship was very assiduous in his Courtship, and I was so far deluded, as
to

to think I returned the Love he professed with a mutual Affection. But I was shortly undeceived; for my noble Suitor soon had a Rival, who kindled in my Bosom a real Flame, and convinced me, that the Love I thought I felt for his Lordship was only imaginary.

As my Aunt was in a weakly declining Condition, she was attended by one of the most eminent of the Faculty of *Montpellier*. *Mons. Magnolles*, which was this Physician's Name, when he visited my Aunt, generally brought with him his Nephew, who was a young Student of Physick, and at that Time under his Care. This young Gentleman was as amiable in his Person as in his Address. Though he was not above eighteen or nineteen Years of Age, he was near six Feet high, but slender and very elegantly shaped.

shaped. His Complexion was somewhat yellowish (a Defect common in this Country) but there was an inexpressible Sweetness in his Countenance, that more than compensated for this slight Blemish. His fine black Hair, which, according to the Custom of the Country, he wore in a Bag, became him with a Grace which cannot be described, nor easily conceived without being seen. Scarce had I seen this amiable young Gentleman, but my Heart declared itself in his Favour, and the real Affection I felt for him, quickly convinced me that I imposed upon myself in thinking I ever had any Love for Lord *Belmont*.

Pitreau, for that was the Name of my first *French* Admirer, the very first Time I saw him, shewed by his Looks and his Behaviour that I was not indif-

ferent to him. In his succeeding Visits he discovered his Passion still more plainly, and I could easily perceive that nothing but the Presence of his Uncle and my Aunt prevented his making a formal Declaration. However, it was not long before he enjoyed this Opportunity. My Aunt happening to walk one Evening in the Garden with Dr. *Magnolles*, his Nephew and I accompanied them. We easily found Means to stay so far behind the old People, that *Pitreau* found an Opportunity of unbosoming himself to me, and disclosing the tender Sentiments with which I had inspired him. This he did in such a gallant Manner, that it greatly increased my Love, and added considerably to the good Opinion I entertained of him.

Lord

Lord *Belmont* still continued his Visits; and being a Man of an excellent Understanding, he soon perceived, by the Alteration of my Behaviour, that he had a Rival. He was greatly mortified at this Discovery, and complaining to my Aunt that my Affections were totally alienated from him, tryed whether he could by her Means discover which of my Rivals I preferred to him, for I had other Suitors amongst the young Gentlemen of *Montpellier* who visited at my Aunt's. But these disgusted me with their Affectation and Grimace, as much as *Pitreau* delighted me by the easy Politeness of his Behaviour, the Gracefulness of his Person, and the Delicacy of the tender Sentiments he expressed. I have indeed observed, from a long Residence amongst the *French*, that every *Frenchman*, who is not amiable in Person and

Behaviour, is altogether disagreeable ; because *France* abounds with young Persons who might serve as Models to be imitated by the Youth of other Nations. Every *Frenchman* that is young has the Vanity to think himself handsome. This is not the only Error he is guilty of ; he imagines also that Grimace and Affectation entitle him to the Appellation of polite, and that every Woman whom he wearies with his Nonsense and Impertinence, must of course fall in Love with him. Thus, as there are some amiable young Men in *France* to counterballance this, it abounds with affected Coxcombs and vain *Petit-Mâîtres*.

My Aunt was not sufficiently knowing in the Passion of Love to form any Suspicion, from *Pitreau's* Behaviour to me, that he was the favoured
 Lover

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Lover who had supplanted his Lordship : But Lord *Belmont*, who happened one Day to pay his Visit when Monsieur *Magnolles* and his Nephew were at our House, was a Man of too much Penetration not to discover the mutual Passion which inspired *Pitreau* and me ; though we both endeavoured to conceal it in his Presence. I could perceive his Lordship frequently cast a stern Eye upon my Lover, who turned pale, and discovered manifest Symptoms of Uneasiness ; well judging, that the Jealousy of a Man of Spirit, as his Lordship was known to be, might be attended with dangerous Consequences to his Rival. He was not mistaken, for his Lordship next Day meeting *Pitreau* upon the *Esplanade*, a public Walk before the Citadel, which is every Evening filled with Company, told him, in a peremptory Tone, that

if he did not discontinue his Visits at my Aunt's, he should suffer for his Insolence. *Pitreau*, quite terrified and disconcerted with this menacing Language, retired with precipitate Confusion from the *Esplanade*. This I afterwards heard from one of his self-conceited Rivals, who exulted in his Disgrace, and always exaggerated it in the Relation. I likewise was informed a Day or two after, that *Pitreau* had immediately retired to *Marseilles*, the Place of his Nativity, in which City his Father, who was a rich Merchant, had always resided.

I was beginning to think that I had met the Man I had so long sought for, and that *Pitreau* was worthy of my Love, till this Discovery of his Cowardice lessened my good Opinion of him; I however retained for him all
my

my Life after a tender Remembrance, with a Mixture of Pity for his Weakness. We are capable of loving to a certain Degree, and that, perhaps, no inconsiderable one, a Person for whom we have no Esteem; but perfect Love must be founded on Esteem, and is inseparable from it. I formed a Resolution to use my utmost Endeavours to forget *Pitreau*; and this Resolution was confirmed by my soon after receiving Information, that he had attached himself to a Girl who danced at the Comedy of *Marseilles*, and discovered the warmest Passion for her imaginable. This Proof of Inconstancy alienated me still more from him, but could not entirely obliterate my Affection.

This, and many Instances of the like Nature, that have occurred to me in the Course of a Life diversified by

a Variety of Adventures, which all took their Rise from Love, have induced me to adopt an Opinion, that this Passion can never be totally eradicated from an Heart which has once felt its Influence. At the same Time that I endeavoured to forget *Pitreau*, I conceived so much Resentment against Lord *Belmont* for depriving me of his Company, that no Intreaties of my Aunt could prevail upon me ever after to admit his Visits. I had experienced such frequent Disappointments in my Amours, that I began to despair of ever meeting with a Man who could fix me, or one whom I could think truly worthy of my Love. As Manners change with Climes, I began to think that Love was rather a Matter of Amusement than a serious Passion; that to make it an Attachment was the sure Way to poison its Pleasures; and
that

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that the only Means to enjoy them unembittered by Jealousy and Vexation, was never to enter into any Engagement; neither to endeavour to make a Slave of any Man, nor to become a Slave to the Caprice of a Lover; but to enjoy Love without giving oneself up to it, and in this greatest of all Pleasures, to observe with particular Care the wise Rule laid down by one of the *French* Poets:

Le chagrin est au Fond, craignez d'y toucher,
Pour goûter les Plaisirs, il faut les effleurer.

“ That to taste true Enjoyment, we
“ should skim over Pleasures, and not
“ dwell upon them.”

When I had adopted this Way of thinking, which is very general amongst the *French* themselves, I soon

found a new Lover to console me for the Loss of the inconstant *Pitreau*. This was a young Gentleman from *Nismes*, who about this Time came to *Montpellier* for the Sake of Company and Recreation. His Name was *Armand*; he had a Sprightliness and Vivacity uncommon even in a *Frenchman*, and which became him exceedingly. His Person was low, but his Shape faultless. His Complexion was ruddy and fair, which is uncommon in the Natives of this Country; his Eyes were black and lively; and in his whole Countenance there was an Expression of Sprightliness which was his chief Beauty. This also was visible in all his Motions; and so great were his Spirits, that he almost always seemed ready to dance.

I did

I did not expect much Constancy in a Lover of this Character; so that, tho' I took great Pleasure in his Company, I could support his Absence; and I familiarized my Mind to the Idea of his one Day forsaking me, as I soon discovered that Levity was his chief Characteristick. *Armand* was in Fact a general Lover, as most of the handsome young Fellows in *France* are; yet there was something so agreeable in him, that I could not help listening with Pleasure to the Compliments he paid me, though I knew that the same soft Things he said to me, were repeated to twenty Women in a Day. The Ardour of his Courtship gave me high Delight, and I could not help regretting his Loss, when my Aunt, upon the Approach of Winter, finding her Health re-established, set out with me for *Paris*.

Upon my Arrival at that Metropolis, I was greatly struck with the *Brilliant* and Magnificence for which it is so conspicuous. My Aunt took Apartments in *La Rue St. Honorée*; but tho' we lived with the same Splendor here as at *Montpellier*, we remained for a considerable Time unnoticed and undistinguished. Tho' *London* is declared to be the Capital of the polite World, and abounds with Persons of Rank and Fortune from all the Nations in *Europe*, yet *Paris* is not much inferior to it; for there a Stranger is overlooked, who would not fail to draw the Attention of every Body in the Provinces. We were, however, visited soon after our Arrival by many *English* Families of Distinction; but it was some Time before we formed any Acquaintance with People of Rank amongst the *French*. This did not, however,

however, last always; my Aunt about a Month after met with a Relation of her late Husband's, at the House of an *English* Gentleman, where she happened to visit. This Gentleman, whose Name was Monsieur *Pellegrin*, was a rich *Banqueur*, and had an extensive Acquaintance amongst the better Sort of People. By him we were soon introduced to some of the Farmers of the Revenue, who in Opulence and Importance vie with the Grandees and Princes of the Blood, though many of them are of a mean Original.

I expected, as soon as we were thus become known, and our House a Place of Resort for the best Company, that I should not long be without some new Admirer; and I was not deceived. Monsieur *De Persane*, the Son of a Farmer-general, immensely rich, soon

became enamoured of me. However, I could not approve of him, as I soon found he had no Qualification, except his great Wealth, to recommend him; I was notwithstanding obliged to receive his Visits, as my Aunt had declared in his Favour.

In his Courtship he discovered all the Confidence of a Man who thought himself certain of Success; and this disgusted me so much, that I took a Pleasure in humbling his Pride. He was not, however, to be repulsed, but constantly pestered me with Addresses, to which I always turned a deaf Ear. My Aunt, who thought Riches and Happiness synonymous Terms, was always exaggerating to me the great Felicity I should enjoy, if I was married to a Man whose Wealth would one Day surpass that of most Noblemen;

but I was fully sensible, that Affluence alone can never bestow Happiness; and that the Woman who is married to a Man she dislikes, must be wretched, even though she were possessed of the *Indies*.

Monfieur *De Persane* renewed his amorous Attacks every Day, and possessing all the Vanity and Confidence of his Nation, was never discouraged by any Slight I shewed him; nay, the worse I used him, the more assiduous, or rather importunate, was his Courtship. In a Word, I conceived an absolute Aversion to him; and this was afterwards increased to such a Degree, by an unhappy Event, of which he was the Cause, that the Sight of him became shocking to me. But I shall defer giving an Account of this Event till the next Chapter, as this has already

ready extended to an unconscionable Length.



C H A P. XXI.

THE importunate Courtship of Monsieur *De Persane*, supported by my Aunt's continual Solicitations in his Favour, gave me Uneasiness, and somewhat diminished my Happiness, though my Life passed in a constant Round of Pleasures and Amusements. But this troublesome Lover was the Occasion of worse than Inquietude to me afterwards ; he was the principal Actor in a Tragic Scene, the Catastrophe of which I shall lament as long as I live.

Some Months after my Aunt and I became acquainted at the *Hotel de Persane*,

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sane, I happened to play at Cards at the *Hotel de St. Severin*, where I had been invited to pass the Evening; for at *Paris*, as well as in most of the considerable Cities of *France*, it is impossible either for Woman or Man to keep good Company without playing deep. At the Table where I was engaged in Play, there happened to be a young Gentleman, whom I knew by his Dress, which was Red faced with Blue and laced with Gold, to belong to the Grey Musqueteers. He was one of the most amiable Figures I ever beheld; in Stature he was the lowest of the middle Size, but shaped with an Elegance that no Statuary could ever equal. In his Complexion, which was extremely delicate, the Lily predominated over the Rose, which made a fine Contrast with his black Hair, that might be properly compared to the

the Curls of *Hyperion*. It is as impossible for me to give an adequate Description of his Eyes, as it would be for the Pencil of the most skilful Painter to represent them upon Canvas. I cannot convey an Idea of their Colour; to do that, I should be under a Necessity of inventing a new Word. I could not behold so lovely a Form without Admiration, and Admiration was quickly succeeded by Love. When he spoke, though he spoke but little, for his Behaviour was as modest as it was manly, I listened with the most profound Attention to what he said; for there was something in his Tone of Voice which was as pleasing to the Ear, as the Regularity of his Features, or the Symmetry of his Limbs, was to the Eye.

Though the *French* are generally looked upon by the *English* as a light, super-

superficial People, their Language is, perhaps, the most philosophical that ever was spoken; it abounds with significant Phrases, some of which have the Force of a Sentence, and convey a moral Truth. The Expression, *Les Gens du bon Ton*, "People of the refined Accent," may be justly considered as one of these; for at *Paris*, as indeed in all other Countries, People of different Ranks and Conditions, as well as People of different Provinces and Districts, may be distinguished by their Tone of Voice. Amongst People of Quality and Distinction, and particularly at the Court of *Versailles*, the *bon Ton* often means the very reverse of what the Words seem to signify. 'Tis a ridiculous Affectation, which tends only to the Corruption of the Language. Affected, self-conceited Courtiers, and Ladies of Quality, disgust People

People of Taste and Discernment, as much by their affected *Ton*, which consists in drawling their Words through the Nose, generally turned up whilst they speak, as by the Contorsion of their Gestures and their ridiculous Grimaces. But those who in fact deserve the Appellation of *Des bonnêtes Gens*, which is here indiscriminately bestowed upon all Persons of Rank and Fortune, are quite the Reverse of the former, both in Deportment and Tone of Voice. The former are Pantomimes in Gesticulation, whilst the latter have but few Gestures; but those so proper and graceful, that all their Motions please. The Accent of the former is a dissonant Mixture of affected Tones, whilst that of the latter is musically harmonious, and has in it something so respectful and complaisant, that a Person who has the *bon Ton* in this latter

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ter Sense, obliges every Body he speaks to.

I cannot quit this Digression without observing, that there is another Difference between the former Class of People in *France* and the latter; the former are so very talkative, that they stun their Hearers; the latter do not speak much, but what they say has always so exquisite a Propriety, that it appears to the Hearer to be more admirably suited to the Occasion than any thing else which could be said; so true is the Observation of the celebrated Monsieur *De St. Evremond*, *Les plus honnêtes Gens du Monde sont les François qui pensent, & les Anglois qui parlent.* “Such of the *French* as think, and such of the *English* as speak, are the politest People in the World.”

To

To return from this Digression to the amiable Object that caused it : Though Monsieur *De la Fleur*, which was the Name of the Musqueteer, uttered few Words, his Eyes, which were almost constantly fixed upon me, spoke a Language so intelligible, that I could easily perceive I was not indifferent to him. The Impression he made upon me was so strong, that after I went Home, I longed impatiently for the *Tuesday* following, at which Time I was again to play at Cards at the *Hotel de St. Severin*, when I hoped to have the Pleasure of seeing Monsieur *De la Fleur* a second Time. I employed *Toinon*, who had an admirable Talent at obtaining Intelligence, to procure me Information concerning Monsieur *De la Fleur*. This she did with so much Success, that I discovered by her Means

Means some Circumstances relating to his Birth which gave me high Satisfaction : I found that he was of a noble Family, and a particular Favourite of the young Duke of *Fronsac*, Son to the Marshal *De Richelieu*.

The next Time I went to the *Hotel de St. Severin*, I found Monsieur *De la Fleur* there as before, and I was highly delighted at meeting him, as I thought I could discover by his Glances, that he visited there entirely upon my Account. But this Joy was soon converted into Bitterness and Sorrow. Fate, which seemed to envy my Happiness in its Beginnings, unfortunately brought Monsieur *De Persane* to the *Hotel de St. Severin* that Night. I was as much upon my Guard as I could, to prevent his conceiving any Suspicion ; but *La Fleur's* Behaviour soon con-

convinced him, as he was naturally of a jealous Temper, that he had a Rival. I returned Home with an heavy Heart, which foreboded some Misfortune, and the next Morning had like to have swooned away, when I was informed by several Persons, whose Veracity I could not suspect, that Monsieur *De Persane* had, upon some frivolous Pretext, quarrelled with *La Fleur* at *Procope's* Coffee-House, in *French* Comedy-Street; that they went out together; and, that the latter being killed, the former had absconded.

I will not vainly attempt to give the Reader an Idea of the Anguish I felt upon this Occasion; I retired to my Apartment, to give Vent to my Tears unobserved, and wept as bitterly for a Man I had seen only twice, as I could for the Loss of my nearest and dearest
Rela-

Relation. But from what I had seen of him, I thought I had great Reason to believe he would have proved every Way worthy of my Love, if I had had Time to make Trial of his.

Whilst I was thus indulging an un-availing Grief, I recollected with Astonishment, that I was now in my twenty-third Year, at which Age I was, according to the Prediction of Mr. *Blackwood*, who had calculated my Nativity, to be innocently the Cause of the Death of one of my Lovers. I therefore entertained no Doubt but the other two Predictions would be fulfilled in Time, and that I should at last be made happy by successful Love; but this Hope of remote Felicity could not console me under the Pressure of a present Misfortune.

CHAP. XXII.

MY Grief for the Loss of Monsieur *De la Fleur*, threw me into so profound a Melancholy and Dejection of Spirits, that *Toinon*, who lived with me upon the Footing of a Companion, was greatly alarmed; she did her utmost to console me: But finding that serious Condoling and Advice rather increased than diminished my Sorrow, she had Recourse to the Expedient of getting Ladies of my Acquaintance to hurry me continually from one Pleasure and Amusement to another. It was upon this Occasion I first visited *Versailles*, *Marli*, *Meudon*, the Gardens of *Seaux*, and the other remarkable Places in the Neighbourhood of *Paris*. I shall not pretend to pass my Judgment upon them, because
I do

I do not pretend to be a Critick, either in Architecture or Gardening. I cannot but think, however, that the Censure of a late Author* is somewhat unjust, when he says, that take the Castle, Chapel, and Garden of *Versailles* all together, they make a most fantastic Composition of Magnificence and Littleness, Taste and Foppery. By thus jumbling together Things which should be considered separately, he gives a seeming Colour to his Censure. The Garden, and the Front of the Castle which faces it, cannot be denied to be admirable; and these lose none of their Effect, because the Chapel, with which they have no Connexion, is a pompous Trifle, as the celebrated Monsieur *De Voltaire* expresses it. The Gardens of *Marli*, *Meudon*, and *Seaux*, have Beauties to please Spec-

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tators

* Dr. Smollett.

tators of the most different Tastes: The first delight us by the Enchantment of Art; the second seem partly natural, and partly artificial; and the third appears to be entirely the happy Effect of Chance, and to vie in Simplicity with the Works of Nature herself. It is somewhat surprizing that the Author above cited should say nothing of the Machine of *Marli*, which is one of the most stupendous Works that the Art of Man ever produced. It contains an almost infinite Number of Wheels, all in Motion at the same Time, and is said to supply the City of *Paris* with Pipe-water. What appears most surprizing is, that the Plan of this wonderful Machine was given by a Person who could neither read nor write; but this seems hardly credible.

When

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When I had visited all the Places of Note in *Paris*, and the Parts adjacent, my Acquaintances put me upon frequenting the public Diversions, which my constant Engagements with Company had prevented me from often visiting before. So many learned Criticks have spoken of the *French Theatre*, and drawn the Character of their eminent dramatic Poets, that it may be thought Presumption in a Woman to offer her Sentiments upon the Subject. I cannot, however, forbear saying something upon it, as the theatrical Exhibitions of *Paris* engaged my Attention during a Twelvemonth.

I can by no means agree with those who are so much influenced by *English* Prejudice, as to think no Plays deserve hearing except those of *Shakespeare*, and some other favourite *Eng-*

lish Poets. Whatever Esteem I may therefore have for the Abilities of the ingenious Author before cited, I cannot implicitly subscribe to the Judgment he has passed on the *French* Stage: “ Their most favourite dramatic Pieces, “ says he, are almost without Incident; “ and the Dialogue of their Comedies consists of moral, insipid apophthegms, entirely destitute of Wit, “ or Repartee.” It seems surprizing that a Man of Genius should be thus blinded by the Force of national Prejudice. The Doctor, before he passed this levelling Judgment, should have taken it into Consideration that the *French* make a Distinction of their Plays into *Pieces de Caractere*, & *Pieces d’Intrigue*, “ Pieces of Character, and Pieces of Intrigue.” Of the former Sort is the *Misanthrope*, or “ Manhater,” of *Moliere*; the *Philosophe marié*, “ Married

ried Philosopher," of *Destouches*; the *Mechant*, "Incendiary," of *Gresset*, and many more; but who will pretend to say that the *Ecole des Femmes*, "School for Wives," *Avare*, "Miser," or *Depit amoureux*, "Amorous Quarrel," are almost without Incident? As to the Censure which he passes upon the Dialogue of these Pieces, it is undoubtedly true with regard to the Productions of some inferior Genius's; but surely he must be strongly biased by Prejudice, or totally void of Taste, who can assert the Dialogue of *Moliere*, *Regnard*, or *Pyrrhon*, to be entirely destitute of Wit or Repartee. I could prove the contrary by Citations from their Works; for a well-wrote Play always makes such an Impression upon me, that I retain many Passages of it all my Life; but I do not chuse to enter into a critical Dissertation: I

shall content myself with just touching upon the most interesting Particulars relating to the *French* Theatre.

The Doctor's Censure is as unjust with regard to their Tragedies as their Comedies : Whoever, without Prepossession, reads the *Cid*, the *Horatii*, and the *Heraclius* of *Corneille*, will allow them to be Master-pieces in Incident and Intrigue, as well as replete with poetical Beauties. The Judgment passed by this ingenious Author, however, upon their Operas, I subscribe to without Hesitation. The Musick of their serious Opera is nothing else but a kind of Psalmody, or Church Musick ; and there are few Persons of Taste, even amongst the *French*, who admire it. The celebrated *Rousseau* of *Geneva*, (of whom more by and bye) who is one of the best Composers that this Age has produced,

duced, having compiled the Musick, as well as wrote the Words of *Le Devin du Village*, (which has since been represented upon the Theatre of *London*, under the Title of the *Cunning Man*) some Years ago wrote a Pamphlet against the *Paris* Opera, as remarkable for strong Reasoning and Eloquence of Stile, as for virulent Abuse, in which he dogmatically asserted, that the *French* had no Musick; and that from the Nature of their Language it was impossible for them even to have a Musick of their own. But this is certainly going too far: The *French* Minuets greatly surpass those of all other Nations: There is in them an enchanting Softness which lulls the Soul into pleasing Reveries, and “wraps it in “Elysium,” as *Milton* expresses it. It sufficiently evinces their Merit, that so good a Judge as the present King of

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Prussia

Prussia gives them at his Court the Preference to all others, and suffers none but the *French* Minuets to be played at the Court of *Berlin*.

Besides the Minuets, which excel in all the most affecting Properties of Musick, there are many pleasing Airs in their comic Operas, and the Parodies of their serious Operas represented at the *Italian* Comedy. These are commonly called *Pont-neufs*, as they are often sung there, and played by those itinerary Musicians who go about from Coffee-House to Coffee-House.

The comic Opera is a very agreeable Entertainment, but the Inhabitants of *Paris* enjoy it only twice a Year ; in Winter during the Time of *Le Foire de St. Germain*, “ The Fair of *St. Germain* ;” and in Summer during *Le Foire de*
de

de St. Laurent, "Fair of St. Laurence." The Pieces represented at the Theatre of the comic Opera are, like our *English* Operas, all Prose except the Songs, whereas the serious Operas are entirely Verse. Some of these last, in particular those of *Quinault*, are Master-pieces, if considered only as poetical Compositions.

The *Italian* Comedy at *Paris*, though not so instructive, is, perhaps, more entertaining than the *French* Comedy, on account of the Variety of their Pieces, their excellent Dancers, their Scenery, and their agreeable Parodies, which are either burlesque Operas composed to turn the serious Operas into a Jest, or Farces written in order to ridicule the new Tragedies. The first Performers, who went by the Name of the *Italian* Comedians at *Paris*, were a

strolling Company from *Straßburg*. These were established in that City in the Time of the late Regent *Philip* Duke of *Orleans*, and had a Patent granted them by that Prince. Their Buffoonery (for the *Italians* surpass all *Europe* in low Humour) at first drew numerous Audiences for a considerable Time; but as soon as they had lost the Charm of Novelty, the Town deserted them; whereupon they applied to the Lieutenant of the Police for Leave to act *French* Pieces, and call in the Aid of Dancers. Their Request was granted; but it was upon Condition that they should still play two *Italian* Comedies every Week. As before this Time there had been Dancers at none of the Theatres, except the Opera, the *Italian* Comedy soon became the most frequented of any of the public Spectacles. It has continued
to

so ever since that Time; and this no one will be surprized at, who considers that there is greater Variety in the Entertainments of that House, than in those exhibited at any other.

Many of the *Italian* Comedians had attained to such a Degree of Perfection in the *French*, as to be able to perform in that Language; and in order to form a complete Company, they hired a certain Number of Performers, Natives of *France*, to play such Parts as they themselves were unequal to. The *French* Pieces exhibited at this House are the Property of the Company, and the *French* Comedians are not at Liberty to act any of them.

Many eminent *French* Authors have writ for the *Italian* Comedians. Monsieur *De Lisle*, Monsieur *De Marivaux*,
and

and Monsieur *Du Boissi*, have composed many excellent Pieces for this House, as well as the other. In some of these is a *Harlequin*; in others his Place is supplied by an arch Valet, who generally goes by the Name of *Pasquin*. The *Italian* Pieces have a great deal of Incident and Intrigue in them; and the Character of *Harlequin*, who is the chief Personage in them, is rendered highly diverting by the exquisite Humour of *Carlin Benazzi*, who is acknowledged, by the celebrated Mr. *Garrick* himself, to be one of the best Theatrical Performers in *Europe*.

The Decorations, both at the Opera and *Italian* Comedy, are in many Pieces very fine; but the *French* have not that Dexterity in shifting their Scenes which we have. Their back Scenes are never drawn, but fly open like folding Doors.

There

There is rather a greater Variety in the Theatrical Entertainments of *Paris* than in those of *London*; for the Pieces played at the two Theatres are entirely different. Add to this, that the *French* Company of Comedians is double; so that the People of *Paris* enjoy the same Pleasure with those of *London* in seeing the same Parts performed by different Players, and comparing their Abilities. The Reason of this is, because one Half plays at Court, whilst the other performs at the Metropolis. The *Italian* Company is double in like Manner; so that when that Half which acts only in *Italian* Pieces, is at *Versailles*, the Remainder amuses the Citizens of *Paris*, either by the Representation of *French* Comedies, or by their Parodies of the Operas, which are musical Pieces, that in Fact differ but little from the comic

comic Operas. The best of both were written by the celebrated Mons. *Javar*, whose Wife was formerly as famous for singing and acting in them, as her Husband was for composing them.

With Regard to public Diversions, however, the People of *London* enjoy a great Advantage over the People of *Paris*; I mean, in having the *Italian* Opera established amongst them; and I have always deemed it a Reflection upon the *French* Taste, that they have received the *Italian* Comedy, which is inferior both to the *English* and their own; but would never receive the *Italian* Opera, though their Musick is allowed to surpass that of all other Nations.

Having expatiated thus largely on the Theatrical Entertainments of the *French*,

French, it may reasonably be expected I should say something of their Performers ; but this shall be the Subject of another Chapter, as I am afraid I have already tired the Reader's Patience with the Length of this.



C H A P. XXIII.

THERE is always an exceeding good Company of Comedians at *Paris* ; the *French* Actresses, especially those who play in Tragedy, are excellent : Upon that Stage, indeed, the Women Players have always surpassed the Men ; and this makes a remarkable Difference between the Theatres of *Paris* and *London*, where the Female Performers have seldom discovered Powers

Powers equal to those of the other Sex.

Mademoiselle *Clairon*, who is perhaps the best Performer that ever appeared upon any Stage, shines in above thirty Parts in Tragedy; but she is particularly great in the Characters of *Pbædra*, *Dido*, and *Camilla* in the *Horatii* of *Corneille*: In this last, which I take to be her Master-piece, she deserves a Picture in every Scene. She is a fine Woman; and though not very tall, her Person is graceful, and her Air majestic.

Mademoiselle *Dumenil* shines in Characters wherein violent Perturbations of Passion are required, and plays, as the *French* phrase it, *avec Fureur*, with a kind of Enthusiasm which raises the strongest Emotions in the Soul of the
the

the Spectator: She surpasses all the Performers I have ever seen in wicked Parts, and excels principally in the Character of *Cleopatra*, in *Cornille's* Tragedy of *Rodogune*. *Cleopatra* is a Queen of the most sanguinary and cruel Disposition, who, after having killed her Husband and one of her Sons, was upon the Point of poisoning the other, as well as the Princess *Rodogune*, whom he was to marry; but being detected, she drinks off the Bowl of Poison herself, and is carried off the Stage uttering Curses and Execrations.

Le Kain is the capital *French* Actor. In Tragedy he shines in the Character of *Orestes*, and all Characters which move the Passions; but his Performance does not equal that of *Mademoiselle Clairon*, or *Mademoiselle Dumenil*.

The

The *French* have many other Performers of Merit, both Men and Women. Their low Comedians are excellent, particularly *Presville*, who may be justly looked upon as the *Shuter* of *Paris*; but I should tire the Reader's Patience were I to give Characters of all the Actors.

Some of the Singers at the *French* Opera have excellent Voices, and it is a Pity they should be thrown away upon such execrable Musick. With regard to the Players of the *Italian* Comedy, besides *Carlin*, of whom Notice has been taken before, there are some other Performers who possess a considerable Share of Merit: In particular, two Actresses, who alternately play the Character of *Harlequin's* Mistress, *Columbine*, display a Vivacity almost
superior

superior to that of the *French*, and exert themselves with an Earnestness which shews at once a Desire to please, and that they themselves are pleased with their Profession. The Actors who represent the Characters of *Pantaloön*, a rich avaritious old *Venetian* Merchant, and *Scapin*, a knavish Servant, are excellent : There is likewise at the same House one *De Haye*, who, in the Character of a Valet, surpasses the best Players of the *French* Comedy.

Amongst the Actresses who appear in the *French* Comedies and Parodies, there are two very remarkable : They are Sisters, who assume the Name of *Catinon*, and are as remarkable for their Beauty, as for their extraordinary Talents in singing and acting. But I doubt I have tired the Reader's Patience by dwelling so long upon one Subject ;

Subject ; I shall therefore return to my Adventures, the Thread of which has been too long interrupted.

There are at *Paris* a great Number of Ladies, who, notwithstanding the Severity with which *Moliere* has satirized Women who affect Learning, in his excellent Comedy of *Les Femmes Sçavantes*, attach themselves to the Study of the Sciences with the most arduous Application, and whose Houses are Places of Rendezvous for all the Authors and Men of Learning or Genius in *Paris*. These attend a Course of Chymistry with the celebrated *Rouel*, of Natural Philosophy with the Abbé *Nollet*, of Anatomy with Monsieur *Ferrein*, or Monsieur *Petit*, of the Mathematicks with Monsieur l'Abbé *De la Caille*, and of other Branches of Science with other learned

Professors. They visit Monsieur *De Reaumur's* Cabinet of Curiosities, and hold deep Consultations with Monsieur *De Buffon* upon Natural History. They likewise pique themselves upon what the *French* call *Bel Esprit*; and every Author who has a Piece to be acted at any of the Theatres, takes Care to read it to as many of these Female Criticks as he can, and secure their Approbation; because their Interest contributes to fill the Boxes, and their Opinion has great Weight in directing the Taste of the Town.

I happened about this Time to be introduced to one of these learned Circles by a Lady of my Acquaintance, who told me there was much Information to be had at them, as the Conversation turned always upon the Sciences. "Besides that, added she, by frequenting
" such

“such Societies, you will save a great
 “deal of Money, as Gaming is a
 “Vice unknown amongst them.” These
 were Inducements sufficient to make
 me accept the Proposal of Madame *De*
Beauchamp, by whom I was conducted
 to the Countess *d’Alberiac’s* modern
Lyceum, and formally introduced as a
 foreign Lady who was a Lover of the
 Sciences, and who had an ardent Desire
 of improving by her Ladyship’s Con-
 versation. The Countess, whom I
 soon perceived to be a ridiculous Mix-
 ture of *Moliere’s Femme sçavante*, &
Precieuse ridicule, received me with
 such Formality, and spoke in such
 stiff, pedantic, and studied Phrases, as
 filled me with the highest Contempt
 for the Character of a learned Lady.
 I however gladly embraced this Op-
 portunity of making new Observations
 upon the Manners of the *French*; and
 I did

I did not doubt, that amongst the Groupe of Characters at the *Hotel d'Albicrac*, I should meet with many Subjects of Mirth, however I might fail of Instruction.

I was afterwards successively introduced to several Ladies, most of whom by their *Rouge*, the Richness of their Dress, and their Ugliness, I could perceive to be Women of Condition; and to several Gentlemen, whom from their Attitudes, which had a Mixture of the formally Grave and the grotesque Comique; their Faces, in which Self-importance was mixed with Abjectness; and their Dress, which was over plain or fantastically fine, I could easily discover to be Authors or Philosophers.

After we were seated, Madame *De Albicrac* addressed her Conversation to me as a Stranger: She said, she could

easily perceive that I was born in *England* by my Accent ; and proceeded to ask me several Questions about the present State of Sciences and Literature in that Kingdom. “ Undoubtedly, Madam, said she, you must understand “ Geometry ; for I am credibly informed, that all the *English*, of any Education, are profoundly versed in the “ Mathematicks. Pray, have any Attempts been lately made by the Royal “ Society of *London* towards squaring “ the Circle ? ” I answered, That I was totally ignorant of the Science she questioned me about ; and could not possibly give her any Information. She replied, she was surprized to hear my Answer ; for she had been told, that all the *English* of Education, whether Men or Women, were profound Philosophers and Mathematicians. She next asked me, who was the best Poet then living in
Eng-

England? To which I replied, That it was a Point very much controverted amongst the Criticks; and that I could not take upon me to decide, where so many Persons of Taste were puzzled to determine.

Finding I could afford her no Satisfaction in her Enquiries relative to the Sciences, she began to question me concerning the general Character of the People of *England*. Here the first Question she asked was, Whether the *English* were not all Predestinarians, and did not believe in absolute Decrees like the *Turks*? To this I answered in the Negative; whereupon an Abbé, who till then had sat silent, and whom I afterwards found to be the Abbé *De la Caille*, the celebrated Mathematician, was pleased to contradict me upon the Strength of the Abbé *Le Blanc's* Letters

concerning the *English* Nation; and turning to the rest of the Company, intimated to them, That it was this Belief of Predestination which occasioned so many Suicides in *England*.

“ If a melancholy *Englishman*, added he, “ takes it into his Head that he was born “ to shoot himself, he makes no more “ ado but goes into his Closet, loads a “ Pistol, and blows his own Brains out, “ without having the least Apprehen- “ sion of being accountable for what “ he is doing in a future State.”

A grave looking Gentleman, whom I afterwards understood to be the celebrated Monsieur *D'Alembert*, next asked me, Whether it was not customary for the *English* to make Parties of twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty Persons, to go a Jaunt into the Country, and cut their Throats in Company; and

and whether they did not glory in such an Action as a great and heroic Exploit? I affirmed all this to be absolutely groundless, and maintained my Assertion with some Warmth; being as much offended with the Folly and Falsehood of what they said, as with the great Unpoliteness of thus depreciating a Country before a Person born in it.

As I could not reply to these Absurdities without discovering some Warmth, a long meagre Figure, who till then had sat silent, often casting scornful Glances, which he strove to conceal, though they could not escape me, upon the rest of the *Literati* then present, took my Part in the Dispute, and affirmed, That, making Allowance for the Difference in the Number of Inhabitants between *Paris* and *London*,

there were as many desperate Wretches who murdered themselves in the former City as the latter; and that the Reason why the contrary Opinion prevailed, was, that Casualties and Accidents which happened to private Persons were not printed in the *French Gazettes*; whilst in *London*, if a Cobler happened to kill himself, the whole Town was sure to be informed of it in all the Morning and Evening Papers.

The Conversation soon after took a different Turn, by a tall, lusty Personage in an Olive-colour Coat and a Tye-Wig, in whose Countenance there was a Mixture of Sagacity and Malice, addressing another, whose Dress was so plain, that if I had been in *England*, I should have suspected him to be one of the People called Quakers, and asking him, with a Sneer, whether he
had

had lately made any new Converts to the Simplicity of pure Nature; and whether he had found many of the Citizens of *Paris* ready to quit a Life of Luxury and Ease, and repair to the Woods to live upon Acorns, and drink the pure Element?

The Figure of the Person to whom this Question was put, was so remarkable, that the Reader will, doubtless, excuse me for giving a particular Description of it in this Place. He had the most dismal, melancholy Countenance I ever beheld. His Face was not naturally ugly, but it was so lengthened and disfigured by the Chagrin which constantly preyed on his Mind, that it reminded me of certain Pictures I have seen of the Crucifixion. His Eyes, which were naturally black, were become livid by the constant Corrodings

of Sorrow, and sunk almost half an Inch deep in their Sockets. His Eyebrows were black and thick, and his Complexion swarthy. But what was chiefly remarkable in this Figure, was, the Expression of deep Melancholy, which was so discernible, that it could not escape the Eye of the most superficial Observer. His Dress, as I observed before, was plain and simple, and in his Air there was an Affectation of the most formal Gravity.

To the Question which was so sarcastically asked him by his Brother Author, (for I afterwards found they were both Gentlemen of the Quill) he, without discovering the least Emotion, made this serious Reply: “ You
 “ may sneer as much as you please at
 “ the Advice I gave to the indolent
 “ and luxurious Inhabitants of *Paris*;
 “ but

“ but I shall always think it better to
 “ live in the Woods amongst Beasts,
 “ than to dwell in Society amongst
 “ Men, without strictly observing the
 “ Duties of Morality, and acting up
 “ to the Dictates of Reason, which
 “ alone distinguishes Man from the
 “ Beasts that perish. I have in many
 “ of my Works sufficiently proved, that
 “ all the Refinements of Science tend
 “ only to increase the Depravity of
 “ human Nature; and you yourself
 “ are an eminent Proof of this. Had
 “ you lived upon Acorns and Berries
 “ in the Woods, and walked upon All-
 “ Four, you would have been a much
 “ more innocent and inoffensive Crea-
 “ ture than you are at present. You
 “ would then have resembled a Lamb,
 “ whereas now you resemble an Angel
 “ of Darkness.”

Some of the Company, upon hearing this solemn Harangue, delivered in a pedantic Tone of Voice, burst out a laughing; others seemed enchanted with the Eloquence of the Speaker; but the Person to whom it was addressed, received it with the most frigid Indifference; and only observed to the Company, how inconsistent it was for a Man who was always declaiming against the Arts and Sciences, to frequent an Assembly held by a Lady who possessed an exquisite Taste for, and patronized them all; and to which none resorted, except Men who had devoted their whole Lives to the Cultivation of some Branch of Knowledge.

Here the Lady of the House espoused the Cause of the grave Declaimer. "Oh! there is no Inconsistency in it
" at

“ at all,” cried she, with the Confidence
 of one who was sure of not being con-
 tradicted; “ the Age can produce no-
 “ thing so charming as Mr. *Rousseau’s*
 “ Philosophy ! How new a Thought
 “ it was to turn the Artillery of Science
 “ against Science itself; to prove, with
 “ the utmost Force of Eloquence, that
 “ Eloquence is vain; and to exhaust
 “ every Source of Knowledge, to shew
 “ how much Ignorance is preferable
 “ to it ! This is curious, this is new,
 “ this is elevating. I hate your vulgar
 “ grovelling Souls, who can walk in no
 “ Path but what has been trodden be-
 “ fore them. Give me the bold and
 “ creative Genius, who can strike out
 “ something new, and say what no
 “ Mortal ever thought of before him.”

This Answer, which from the Tone
 of Voice in which it was pronounced,

I could perceive to be meant as a Compliment, though I should have otherwise taken it for an Irony, was returned only by a low Bow from the Philosopher of *Geneva*; and I could perceive by the malignant Leer of his Antagonist, that he was going to make a new Attack upon the Declaimer against Science, when the Entrance of a new Visitor drew the Thoughts and Attention of every Body present another Way. This was a thin, diminutive Mortal, with a shrill, squeaking Voice, that resembled the Pipe of an Eunuch. He told the Company, that he was just come from the *French Comedy*, where a very odd Accident had happened. “As soon as
 “Mademoiselle *Hus*, who had performed a considerable Part in the Entertainment of the Night, said he, had
 “retired to the *Foyers*, (a Place behind
 “the Side-scenes, where there are
 “Stoves

“ Stoves in the Winter, and which the
 “ Players repair to between the Acts of
 “ a Play) a Gentleman sent his Footman
 “ to her with this extraordinary Mes-
 “ sage; That his Master begged the
 “ Favour of her to send him her Shoe-
 “ maker’s Address, that he might get
 “ him to make a Pair of Shoes for his
 “ Mistress.”

Whilst the Company were framing a
 Variety of Conjectures upon this whim-
 sical Message, the Countess *D’Allicrae*
 all on a sudden interrupted them, by
 asking the diminutive Gentleman, what
 was the Success of his last new Tragedy,
 “ The Death of *Bucephalus*?” “ Not
 “ quite so good as I could wish, answered
 “ the Bard; and yet I did my utmost to
 “ throw a Pathos into it, which I thought
 “ could not fail to produce a great Ef-
 “ fect.” Here the same Person, who had
 so

so briskly attacked *Rousseau*, and whom I afterwards found to be a general Censurer, told him, That he had not entirely missed his Aim; for that it had produced a very great Effect, an Effect which appeared to him as pathetic as any Incident he had ever known upon the Stage. "What could be more dramatically mournful, added he, than the Concert of Catcalls occasioned by *Bucephalus's* dying of the Wound of an Arrow in the sixth Scene of the last Act?" Upon this the diminutive Bard took Fire, and was preparing to reply with Indignation, when the Countess *D'Albicrac* interposing, turned to a Gentleman who sat near her, whose philosophical Composure of Countenance received an additional Dignity from a full-bottomed Wig, which might vie with the best of those worn by the Gentlemen of the Faculty, and requested

requested him to resume the Subject which he had begun to discuss in so philosophical a Manner at their last Meeting. The formal Gentleman answered, "Madam, your Will shall always be a Law to me;" and immediately began to harangue to the following Effect:

"The last Time I had the Honour
 "to speak before this learned and po-
 "lite Assembly, I think I proved to
 "the general Satisfaction of the Com-
 "pany, that there is no real Difference
 "between our Souls and Bodies, and
 "consequently, that both cease to ex-
 "ist at the same Time. I shall now
 "endeavour to prove, that as Matter
 "has a real Existence separate from
 "the Deity, Matter is the only Thing
 "which exists in Fact; and that what
 "the Vulgar call God, is nothing but
 "a chimerical Idea, no more than what
 "they

“ they call a Soul; which I have al-
“ ready proved to be nothing else but
“ an Effect of the Organization of
“ Matter. A certain Set of Philoso-
“ phers, who seem to have no Idea of
“ any Thing except their own Exist-
“ ence, have maintained, that what goes
“ by the Appellation of the material
“ World, has no Existence out of the
“ Mind of some intelligent Being;
“ and, consequently, that considered
“ abstractedly from some Mind or
“ other, it has no real Existence at all.
“ This is a Doctrine of some of the
“ ancient Philosophers modernized and
“ revived. These Philosophers main-
“ tained, that the Mind is the Place
“ of Forms; and, consequently, that
“ all the Forms of the material World
“ have their Existence only in the Mind
“ of some intelligent Being, just as the
“ Phantoms of a Dream or Vision have
“ no Existence, except in the Mind of
“ the

“ the Person who dreams: But this
 “ System is manifestly visionary and
 “ absurd; for if it were true, there
 “ would be no Difference between the
 “ Ideas we have of Things when they
 “ are present to our Senses, and the
 “ Ideas we form when we think of
 “ them whilst the Objects are at a
 “ Distance from us. As this therefore
 “ is palpably false, Matter must have
 “ a real Existence of itself, and inde-
 “ pendent of any Mind, even the su-
 “ preme Mind. As Matter then has
 “ an Existence independent of the
 “ Deity, its Modifications and various
 “ Organization may have produced the
 “ whole material World; and there is
 “ no Necessity for supposing any su-
 “ preme Mind at all.”

Here this subtle Reasoner ended;
 and whilst he was applauding himself
 in

in his Sophistry, and receiving the Applauses of many present, the tall meagre Personage, of whom Mention has been already made, observed, That the Nature both of Matter and Spirit was equally unknown to us ; and that as the whole Universe was a Mystery, it must necessarily have a mysterious Cause ; which Cause must be intelligent, as meer Matter could not produce any thing intelligent ; at least no Philosopher was ever able to shew how it could ; but it is much easier to conceive that a supreme Mind could create Matter, as we ourselves, though finite Intelligences, can every Day make Alterations in Matter, and give it new Modifications.

The Philosopher who began the Dispute was going to reply, and in all Likelihood, it would have lasted long,
if

if a Servant entering, had not informed us, that Supper was on the Table. An End was instantly put to all their learned Debates, and we adjourned to another Room. The Supper was very magnificent, and all the Guests seemed well disposed to gratify their sensual Appetites. At Intervals, however, many learned Subjects were discussed, and the Philosopher of *Geneva* sustained many severe Strokes of Raillery from the Person who had attacked him so briskly before. At last, however, we all separated, and I went Home, rather amused than edified by such a strange Jumble of Learning and Impertinence, Raillery and profound Reasoning.

C H A P. XXIV.

I Have frequently met with an Observation made by *English* Authors, "That there is a greater Variety of Humours and Characters in their Country than in any other." The celebrated Mr. *Addison*, who, with many others, has adopted this vulgar Error, ascribes this Variety of Humours to the Liberty of the *English*, and considers it as a bad Effect, which should be overlooked, and treated with Indulgence, as springing from a good Cause. This Observation has long acquired the Credit of a Maxim; and I was myself deceived by it, till my own Experience shewed it to be false. I have met with a greater Number of whimsical and fantastic Characters, and more odd and capricious Humours in a single

a single Set of *French* Company, than in thirty *English* Families or more. The *French* are for the most Part so talkative, that their Loquacity generally makes them discover their real Characters in a Quarter of an Hour's Conversation; whilst the natural Taciturnity of the *English* is so powerful in concealing theirs, that you may be acquainted with an *Englishman* a Twelve-month before you can be properly said to know him.

I was led by my Curiosity to visit many more learned Societies of the same Nature with that described in the last Chapter; but were I to give the Characters of all the Originals I met with at them, it would require a separate Volume to paint them in their proper Colours. I shall therefore only mention two or three, which to me appeared

peared so very extravagant, that I thought it would be depriving the Reader of a Pleasure to suppress them.

A Lady of the first Quality at *Paris* holds one of these scientific Assemblies at her House every Night; she has lost considerable Sums of Money, and almost her Senses, in Pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone, and a Medicine to make Man immortal. One of the most extraordinary Personages who frequents her House, is an Alchymist, to whom she allows a Pension of two thousand Livres a Year to prolong her Life. This Genius, whose Name is *Villardoin*, has published several Books concerning the great Work, all of which he has dedicated to his Patroness. I have often heard this Original affirm before a numerous Assembly, which consisted partly of crack-brained Enthusiasts

thusiasts like himself, and partly of Men of real Learning, that he was in the 5450th Year of his Age; that he had protracted his Life to that Term by Secrets which he had discovered; and also that he and another Person, who had formerly lived with him in a retired Manner in *La Rue de la Jussienne*, had discovered the Philosopher's Stone, and used to go about in the Night distributing Sums of Gold to all the indigent Families in *Paris*.

When he spoke in this Manner, I observed several of the Company endeavouring to smother a Laugh, which they suppressed in Complaisance to the Lady of the House. However, the tall meagre Personage, of whom Notice has been taken in the last Chapter, and whom I always met with at every one of these Assemblies, once took the Liberty

erty to ask him, why he, who was possessed of a Secret which was equivalent to possessing the Gold Mines of *Potosi*, did not make a greater Figure in the World? To this the Alchymist answered, without being in the least discomposed, "The true Adept enjoys
 "all Things, without possessing any
 "Thing."

There was another Original belonging to the same Society, whose Tenets were quite opposite to those of the former, which gave Occasion to frequent Disputes between them. This whimsical Mortal laughed at all Arts and Sciences, and maintained, that *Moliere* was in the right in ridiculing the Physicians, as the skilfullest of them had never cured the most trifling Disorder; at the same Time affirming, with a dogmatical Air, that he had

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disco-

discovered the Panacea, the infallible Remedy, the true Secret for keeping the whole human System in a constant State of Sanity. Being pressed to discover this, he declared, That it was no other than to keep up a constant Contentedness or Serenity of Mind: But when he was asked how this could be effected, he was silent. Such a Groupe of odd Characters, I will own, highly diverted me; yet I must say, that a View of this learned Assembly had scarce any other Effect but to give me a Contempt for the *Literati* in general.

A few Days after I happened to go with a Lady of my Acquaintance to the *French* Comedy, to see the Tragedy of *Merope*. We happened to sit in the *Seconde Loge*; and no sooner had we taken our Places, but the tall meagre Personage, whom I had before

met so often, and who happened to be seated next me, accosted me with the greatest Politeness imaginable. As there was something very particular in the Air and Appearance of this Person, I shall here describe him. In Stature he was tall, but he appeared taller than he really was, as he was so extremely thin that a Puff of Wind was almost sufficient to throw him down: There was something extremely comick and grotesque in his Cast of Features, and his Countenance would have displeased by its Ugliness, had it not been for the Sharpness and penetrating Vivacity of his Eyes, which seemed to be emblematical of his Genius. He looked extremely old and emaciated, but I understood afterwards, that he was not so old as he looked; but that this was owing to his intense Application to Study. When he entered into
Con-

Conversation with me, I could not but admire his lively Wit, and the Sallies of Genius which seemed to come from him naturally. His Discourse first turned upon the Characters of the several Persons whom we had seen at the Countess *D'Albierac's Hotel*. He began by dissecting *Rousseau*. "That
 " comical Mortal, said he, who has
 " ranged so much in Favour of the
 " Simplicity of pure Nature, is a
 " Composition of Oddities and Contradictions. He is remarkable for maintaining Paradoxes, and supporting,
 " with all the Force of Eloquence, Positions so absurd, that every rational Man must reject them as soon
 " as ever he hears them proposed. His Father, who was a Citizen of
 " *Geneva*, kept a Musick-shop there. He was at great Expence to give his
 " Son a learned Education, which in-

“ deed was not thrown away, as *Rouf-*
“ *seau* has given several Proofs of his
“ being an exalted Genius ; but these
“ are all sunk and obscured by the Af-
“ fection and Singularity of his Cha-
“ racter. He professes to hold the
“ Publick in such Contempt, that he
“ has often declared that his Ambition
“ was to be hissed. A Piece of his,
“ called *Hippolitus*, or *The Lover of*
“ *himself*, was played at the *French Co-*
“ *medy*. 'Till it fell, he never declared
“ himself the Author : As soon as it
“ was generally exploded, he went to
“ *Procope's* Coffee-House, and told the
“ Wits there, that the Piece that had met
“ with such general Disapprobation
“ was of his Composition ; and that
“ he wrote on Purpose to be hissed.
“ This Rhodomontade was looked up-
“ on by many as a Proof of his exalted
“ Genius ; for such is the whimsical and
“ capri-

“ capricious Temper of the *French*,
 “ that the oddest and most extravagant
 “ Characters are generally the most
 “ admired by them.

“ His whimsical Singularity of Cha-
 “ racter was never more conspicuous
 “ than at the Time of the Controversy
 “ concerning the *French* and *Italian*
 “ Musick : It was occasioned by the
 “ Arrival of a Company of *Italian* Strol-
 “ lers that were sent for from *Italy* by
 “ the Director of the Opera, who find-
 “ ing his Theatre deserted by the
 “ Publick, thought that the Bait of
 “ Novelty would have powerful Charms
 “ for the *French*, who from a natural
 “ Levity run after every Thing new,
 “ whether good or bad. The Success
 “ answered his Expectation ; the *Ita-*
 “ *lians*, who played twice a Week,
 “ never failed to draw numerous Au-
 M 3 “ diences,

“ diences, whilst the Singers of the
 “ *French* Opera performed every Night
 “ to empty Benches.

“ This piqued some of our Coun-
 “ trymen, who think Patriotism con-
 “ sists in extolling the Genius of their
 “ own Nation, and depreciating the
 “ People of all other Countries as Bar-
 “ barians, the Party spirit grew stronger
 “ every Day, and its Influence drew
 “ Crowds to the *French* Opera, which
 “ would have fallen, no doubt, if it
 “ had had no other Support but its
 “ own Merit.

“ About this Time *Rousseau's Devin*
 “ *du Village* was performed with unpa-
 “ ralleled Success; and this greatly
 “ contributed to counterbalance the
 “ Reputation of the *Italians*, whose
 “ Musick was every Day gaining new
 “ Partisans

“ Partisans amongst the *French*: Upon
 “ this Occasion a Controversy was set
 “ on Foot concerning the comparative
 “ Merits of the Musick of both Na-
 “ tions, and managed with as much
 “ Warmth as if the Interest of Church
 “ or State was concerned. *Rousseau* at
 “ this Juncture pursued a Conduct
 “ which appeared to be diametrically
 “ opposite to his Interest; but this
 “ heteroclite Genius was in all his
 “ Actions influenced by Motives dif-
 “ ferent from those that actuate other
 “ People: He warmly espoused the
 “ Cause of the *Italian* Musick, and his
 “ Zeal even carried him so far, that he
 “ often headed a Party of *Italianists*,
 “ and joined with them in hissing his
 “ own Opera.

“ Not contented with running down
 “ the *French* Musick in all the Coffee-

“ Houses of *Paris*, he published a most
 “ virulent Invektive against it; where-
 “ upon the Director of the Opera de-
 “ prived him of the Freedom of the
 “ House, which, as an Author, he was
 “ before entitled to. His Invektive
 “ made him so odious, that he was
 “ more than once knocked down in the
 “ Streets by Ruffians hired by the Par-
 “ tisans of the Opera; and durst not so
 “ much as venture into a Coffee-House,
 “ or any Place of public Resort, with-
 “ out being accompanied by a Musque-
 “ teer of his Acquaintance, who was
 “ ready to take his Part in case any
 “ one insulted him.

“ Such Persecutions as these would
 “ have appeared to a rational Man in
 “ the Light of Misfortunes; but the
 “ Vanity of *Rousseau's* Heart made him
 “ secretly rejoice in them, as they, in
 “ his

" his Opinion, proved his Importance,
 " and seemed to render his Claim to
 " the Title of *Great Man* indisputable.
 " He once wrote a short Piece of two
 " Acts, entitled *Hippolitus*, or *The Lover*
 " of himself; he did not own it till it
 " was damned, and then he went to
 " *Procope's* Coffee-House, and declared
 " before all the Company, which there
 " consists of Criticks, Persons of Taste,
 " and Pretenders to Taste, and declared
 " that he was the Author of the Piece
 " which had just then been damned;
 " that he wrote on purpose to be
 " damned; and that if his Piece had
 " met with the Approbation of the
 " Publick, he would never have owned
 " it. These affected Singularities which
 " have caused People of no Discern-
 " ment, of whom a great Majority of
 " the Publick is composed, to look
 " upon him in the Light of an extra-
 " ordinary

Repetition

" ordinary Genius, prove him to be
 " actuated by a Vanity which must
 " render him contemptible to all Per-
 " sons of Understanding,

" The formal Personage who ha-
 " rangued so learnedly against the Ex-
 " istence of a Deity, is the celebrated
 " *Diderot* : No one can deny him to
 " be a Man of profound Erudition, and
 " some Genius ; but by adopting the
 " absurd System of Atheism, he forfeits
 " all Title to the Reputation of a true
 " Philosopher. This is, however,
 " known only to those who converse
 " with him, for in his Writings he
 " affects to believe what he denies in
 " his Discourse, in order to save Ap-
 " pearances, and escape public Censure.

" The little dramatic Author still
 " writes on in Spight of common Sense,
 " tho²

“ tho’ all the Pieces he ever offered to
 “ the Stage were damned ; his last new
 “ Tragedy was so ill received by the
 “ Publick, that after the first Act was
 “ over, all the Gentlemen in the Pit
 “ turned their Backs to the Stage, and
 “ conversed just as if they had been in a
 “ Coffee-House, without taking any
 “ further Notice of the Play.

“ The Alchymist is a downright
 “ Madman ; he was formerly Chymist
 “ to the Duke of *Orleans*, and worked
 “ in his Laboratory ; he has since been
 “ the Ruin of several who were mad
 “ enough to spend vast Sums in Search
 “ of the Philosopher’s Stone, by which
 “ they impoverished themselves and
 “ their Families.”

By this Time the Curtain was drawn,
 and the Play, which engaged the At-
 M 6- tention

tention both of the Stranger and myself, put an End to our Conversation for the Time. After the first Act was over, Mr. *Whitaker*, an intimate Acquaintance of my Aunt's, entered the *Loge* where we were, and addressed the Stranger in *English*, which the latter spoke fluently, but with a Mixture of a foreign Accent. I found by their Conversation, that they had formerly known each other in *London*, *Berlin*, and *Geneva*. After the Play was over, the Stranger took his Leave of us very politely; and Mr. *Whitaker* accompanied me to my Aunt's, where he was that Night invited to Supper.

I observed to Mr. *Whitaker*, that the Stranger appeared to have lived all his Life in Courts, and to have been familiarly amongst the Great, as there was something noble in his Tone of Voice,

Voice, and his Behaviour; though his Person was disadvantageous, and his Face had in it a *Je ne ſçai quoi*, strikingly ludicrous, with an odd Mixture of the Gloomineſs of the Miſanthrope. His Figure was indeed uncommon, for he was above ſix Feet high, and ſo very thin, that he looked taller than he really was: His Eyes were very ſharp and piercing, but his Face was, in other Reſpects, remarkably ugly; and there was ſomething in it that diſcovered the ſtrong Propenſity to Satyr, ſo conſpicuous in all his Diſcourſe.

Mr. *Whitaker* told me that I conjectured right, when I judged that he had paſſed his Life amongſt the Great; but as he had Connexions with moſt Perſons of Eminence, and had viſited

all the Courts in *Europe*, in most of which he had been perfectly well received, I expressed a Desire to be farther acquainted with him; and as my Aunt discovered an Inclination to know a Person of whom she had heard such a Character, Mr. *Whitaker* promised to introduce him to us the next Day.

He was introduced accordingly the Day following; and both my Aunt and I were highly delighted with his Conversation: I never knew any one discover such a Fund of Knowledge, or talk so well upon a Variety of Subjects; and his Wit was so ready and brilliant, that at every Turn the Sprightliness of his Sallies surprized the whole Company.

My Aunt was so well pleased with her new Guest, that she gave him a
general

general Invitation, and from that Time, though his Visits were very frequent, we always learned something new from him. Though he was very much advanced in Years, being then turned of Sixty, I thought he often cast Glances at me which shewed that his Heart was no Stranger to the Passion of Love, and that I was by no means indifferent to him. My Vanity, I freely own, was flattered by my new Conquest, and I was proud to see a Man of so exalted a Genius wear my Chains; but at the same Time I could not make him that Return of Love which his Looks seemed to require, as that Passion is not to be excited by Virtue or shining Talents, but is caused by Beauty, and can have no Existence where Beauty does not contribute to inspire it.

If at first I had some Doubt that the philosophical Gentleman had conceived a *Tendresse* for me, that Uncertainty was quickly removed: He sought a private Interview; and having begun by declaring himself my Admirer, made a Discovery, which sufficiently shewed the Confidence he reposed in me, and how great an Ascendant I had gained over his Heart. He told me he was at *Paris incognito*, and that none but two or three of his most intimate Friends knew who he was: That he went at that Time by the Name of *Monf. Remy*, a Gentleman of *Dauphine*, whom a Law-suit had obliged to quit his Province and come up to *Paris*, to wait the Decision of the Court; but that his real Name was *Voltaire*, and that he came in that concealed Manner to *Paris*, because hav-

ing

ing some Years before incurred the Displeasure of the Court, he had unfortunately drawn upon himself a Sentence of perpetual Panishment from *France*, his native Country.

I was greatly surprized at this Discovery, and my Self-love was highly gratified to find that so illustrious a Personage was enrolled in the Number of my Admirers. As his Passion appeared to be a sort of Platonic Love, which is satisfied with seeing and conversing with its Object, such as that which *Mr. Pope* had for *Mrs. Blunt*, and that which this famous Poet had for the celebrated *Mademoiselle Gaussin*, and the *Marchioness De Chatelet*; I did not discourage his Visits, nor affect prudishly to be offended with his declaring himself my Admirer. His first Instance of Confidence convinced
me

me that I had made an Impression on his Heart, I was therefore resolved to try how far my Influence over him extended, and at a subsequent Interview, I expressed a Desire to know what might have given Occasion to his perpetual Banishment from *France*; and though I intimated this Desire only by a Hint dropped at a Distance, Love had so much Power over his Heart, that he satisfied my Curiosity without Hesitation.

He gave me to understand, that
 “ whilst he was Historiographer to the
 “ King of *France*, and in high Favour
 “ with the greatest Personages at Court,
 “ Madame *A——de*, who had carried
 “ on several Intrigues, many of which
 “ had been discovered, notwithstanding
 “ all the Art she had used to conceal
 “ them,

“ them, happened to have an Affair
 “ with a young Officer in the King’s
 “ Guards, which became so notorious,
 “ that it was for a considerable Time
 “ an universal Topick of Scandal, both
 “ at *Paris* and *Versailles*. This young
 “ Officer, who had a Delicacy of Fea-
 “ ture and Complexion, and a flimzy
 “ Elegance of Shape, which might
 “ well become a Female, was often
 “ introduced to Madame *A—de*, in
 “ the Habit of the other Sex. Their
 “ Commerce was discovered by a Mi-
 “ stress of the young Officer’s, who,
 “ quite frantic with Jealousy at having
 “ been forsaken by him, watched his
 “ Motions so close, that she at last dis-
 “ covered his Evening Assignations.
 “ She made a Discovery to the Mini-
 “ ster of all she knew; and the next
 “ Time *Du Francois*, for that was the
 “ Name

" Name of the young Officer, paid
 " his Visit, he was, by an Order from
 " the King, seized and examined; his
 " Sex being immediately discovered, he
 " was sent directly to the *Bastile*,
 " where, it is most probable, he was
 " poisoned soon after.

" As this scandalous Adventure soon
 " engrossed the whole Attention of
 " People of all Ranks, both at *Ver-*
 " *sailles* and *Paris*, a satyrical Poem
 " was published upon the Occasion,
 " which all my Enemies ascribed to
 " me; one Abbé in particular, who
 " had long borne me a Grudge, went
 " so far as to affirm in the most posi-
 " tive Manner, that he had seen the
 " Manuscript of this Lampoon in
 " my Hand-writing: It was to no
 " Purpose I endeavoured to vindicate
 " myself;

“ myself ; I was condemned, unheard,
 “ and sentenced to perpetual Banish-
 “ ment from that Country which I
 “ should have chosen for the Place of
 “ my Residence, even if it had not been
 “ the Place of my Nativity.”

Having heard this Account of the Cause of Mons. *De Voltaire's* Banishment from his own Mouth, I could not help thinking that his Case was very hard, and truly worthy of Compassion. I heard much more criminal Causes of his Banishment assigned by his Countrymen, by whom he is universally envied and hated, which is often the Case of Men eminent for their Abilities ; some maintaining, that he drew this Censure upon himself, by writing against Religion ; others asserting, that he had censured the State, and

and made free with some of the best Characters in the Nation. It has been generally reported, that he was banished for writing a poetical Composition, intituled "An Epistle to *Uranior*." This Poem, though very beautiful in its Kind, is replete with the most shocking Blasphemies: But it does not seem in the least probable that *Voltaire* was banished the Kingdom of *France* for having composed it, as *Monf. De Montesquieu*, and other Authors, have wrote as severely against Religion, without ever incurring the least Censure.

I have already dwelt too long upon a single Character; and therefore shall here put an End to this Chapter.

C H A P. XXV.

SOON after the above Discoveries made to me in Confidence by *Monf. De Voltaire*, I happened to meet him one Morning at the Marchioness *De Villefranche's*, where I was invited to Breakfast: I found by their Conversation that *Voltaire* was known to the Marchioness, and that this Lady was a particular Friend of his, to whom he could safely intrust the Secret of his being at *Paris*, without any Danger of being betrayed.

The Conversation happened to turn upon a *Theatre bourgeois*, or private Theatre: As long as I had been in *France*, I had never heard of this Kind of Entertainment; I therefore enquired what it meant. I was instantly informed

ed that it was customary for Persons of Condition, and even Citizens in affluent Circumstances, to have a Stage, with proper Scenes and Decorations, erected at their Houses, and that Plays were acted on it by Gentlemen and Ladies of their Acquaintance.

I asked whether Spectators were admitted to this Entertainment; and being answered in the Affirmative, I expressed a Desire of seeing such a theatrical Exhibition; whereupon the Marchioness presented me with a Ticket for the *Phædra* of *Racine*, which was to be played the next Day at the *Hotel de Ferrand*, which belonged to one of the richest Farmer-Generals of *Paris*; it was therefore agreed amongst us that we should all three go there together.

We

We went accordingly; and I was very much surprized to find that private Persons, who had never been used to acting, should acquit themselves in performing this Tragedy as well as the Players of the established Theatre. I must here make an Exception with regard to the Part of *Phædra*, which I had seen much better performed by Mademoiselle *Clairon*, than ever it was by any other Woman, whether Actress or not.

There was a Gentleman next me in the *Loge* where we sat, who having heard me speak *English* to Mons. *D Voltaire*, addressed us in that Language between the Acts of the Play: I could perceive by his Accent that the *French* Language was natural to him, and was therefore surprized to find that he spoke *English* also as if it had been

his Mother-Tongue. This somewhat puzzled me, as I had never before known any Person speak both Languages in equal Perfection; I therefore took the Liberty to ask him, whether he was born in *England*, or in *France*. He answered me, that he was born in *France*; but that he did not consider himself either as an *Englishman* or a *Frenchman*, being originally a *Scotchman*, and Nephew to the late Duke of *Douglas*. “My Name, added he, is “*Archibald Stewart Douglas*; the late “Duke of *Douglas* left me Heir to “his Estate by his last Will, but my “Right of Inheritance is still disputed “by the Family of *Hamilton*, in whose “Favour he had made a prior Deed “of Settlement.”

Surprized and rejoiced at meeting with a Person of whom I had heard

heard so much, and whose Fate I could not help compassionating, I desired his Company to Supper with me at my Aunt's, who I knew would be very glad to see a Countryman of his Family and Worth. Amongst the *English* at *Paris* there is no Ceremony or Formality of Introduction required; their being of the same Country authorizes them to visit each other, except there be a great Difference with regard to Rank and Circumstances.

My Aunt was highly pleased with this Visit from Mr. *Archibald Stewart Douglas*, for she had known both Sir *John Stewart* and Lady *Jane Douglas* in *England*. She expressed great Surprise that the Duke of *Douglas* should have treated his Sister Lady *Jane* and her Children with such Severity and Rigour;

Rigour; and was told that it was chiefly owing to the wicked Machinations and Artifices of one S——, a Villain who had insinuated himself into the Duke's good Graces, and who had Recourse to forged Letters, and the blackest Calumnies, to alienate him from a Sister who loved him with the sincerest Affection.

As Mr. *Archibald Stewart Douglas* frequently visited us during our Residence at *Paris*, from several Conversations with him, I learned the whole complicated History of his Birth, and the Disputes it gave Rise to, which I shall lay before the Reader in the following Volume, as I doubt not but he will think it as interesting as I did myself.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.



